THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

SEPTEMBER 1924.

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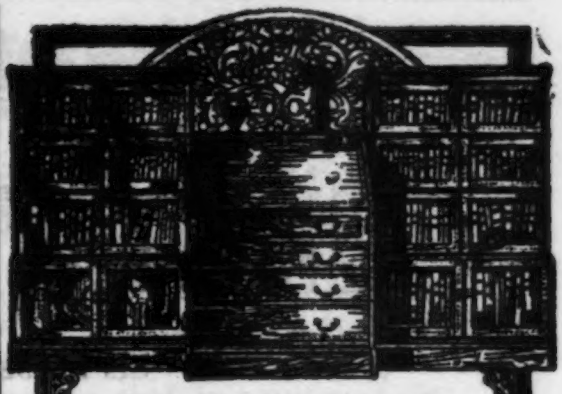

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

SEPTEMBER, 1924.

Correspondence

The Cancer Problem

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—In your August issue Professor Leonard Hill discusses at length the question of cancer and my book *Cancer—How it is Caused, How it can be Prevented*, recently published by John Murray. He looks sceptically upon my theory that cancer is due to chronic poisoning and vitamine starvation, and upon my assertion that it is a disease of civilisation, stating " as to primitive native races, there is evidence that cases of cancer occur among these."

As I have stated in my book, cancer does occur among primitive races who lead a primitive life, but it occurs with great rarity. A friend of mine, Colonel Hallilay, has been a busy surgeon among the Hill tribes of Northern India during more than twenty years, but he has practically never seen a case of internal cancer, of gastric ulcer, appendicitis, colitis, etc., although the natives readily come to be operated upon. Colonel Hallilay did hundreds of cases of operation for stone of the bladder, etc. Similar accounts are available from all parts of the world, and may be found in my book.

Cancer is obviously a disease of civilisation. Its favourite sites are along the alimentary canal. Hence there has been the popular belief for ages that cancer has something to do with our food. X-ray burns, radium burns, arsenic, aniline and various other chemical poisons produce, as a rule, typical cancers only after ten, fifteen, twenty or more years. Burns have upon the body an effect similar to that of poisoning, as I have shown in my book. If occupational cancers of every kind, the genesis of which we can trace, require almost invariably twenty years or so for development, we may safely conclude that non-occupational cancers also are due to some form of chronic poisoning and require twenty years or so for an outbreak to occur. The poisons most to be suspected are chemical preservatives, most of which are irritant poisons, and bowel poisons, due to constipation.

I have studied an enormous number of cancer cases, and in prac-

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THE already enormous propaganda of the Socialist and Communist forces continues to grow, so that a fearless exposure of the persons and the means employed becomes greater rather than less a necessity; and, it is more and more evident that the conspiracy is of formidable power and implacable purpose. Its directors propose nothing less than the destruction of the British Empire; and to that end they undermine Patriotism, promote Class-Warfare, and preach Class-Internationalism.

The danger is far more imminent than most people suppose; and the horrors of Revolution are more terrible than those of war itself. Safety can be secured only by the full awakening of the public, who have been so long kept in ignorance by politicians and the Press.

It is for this awakening of the public that the PATRIOT was started in 1922, and its steadily increasing circulation is evidence that the work undertaken is beginning to tell.

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tically every one there was a long history of constipation and auto-intoxication. Vitamine starvation not only weakens the body in a general way, but produces lesions in the bowels, as Colonel McCarrison has shown by his experiments, and through these lesions bowel poisons are absorbed into the system. It is worth noting that most bowel cancers occur at those spots where there is a point of friction, where laceration and absorption are most likely to occur.

Over-great heat acts like a poison. Himalayan natives who are practically free from inside cancers, get frequently cancer on the abdomen and the thighs, where Europeans hardly ever have it. The tribesmen get this curious outside cancer, called Kangri cancer, because they carry in cold weather, next to their skin, the so-called Kangri basket, which is suspended from the shoulders, and inside the basket there is an earthenware vessel filled with charcoal embers. They get accustomed to great heat, but chronic poisoning by heat leads to this curious outside cancer. We Europeans get the equivalent of Kangri cancer in our insides by swallowing over-hot food and drink. Millions of us drink our coffee, tea, soup, etc., at 150° or so, while 110° is the highest temperature we can stand in a bath. In many cases of cancer of the stomach, œsophagus, etc., we find that the sufferer habitually took tea or coffee at an extreme temperature.

The doctrine that cancer is due to chronic poisoning and vitamine starvation plausibly, and possibly conclusively, explains the cancer mystery. Many eminent physicians and surgeons have expressed to me their agreement, and I have not yet seen any criticism which has weakened my belief in my doctrine. If my doctrine is correct, then the cancer mystery is solved, and, as Sir Arbuthnot Lane has stated, cancer may be converted from one of the most frequent into one of the rarest of diseases. The final test of my theory can be made by an enquiry among cancer sufferers themselves, who alone can tell how they have been living during the last twenty or thirty years. Besides, experiments on animals may possibly show whether the chronic absorption of chemical preservatives and of over-hot drink, and the over-consumption of sugar, are apt to produce cancer.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

J. ELLIS BARKER.

Shakespearean Metaphor

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—Many thanks for the brilliant vindication of the Baconian theory in your current issue. It has delighted all who have long since seen the untenability of the Stratfordian position.

I enclose something which may be of interest to your readers. It has been refused by an eminent contemporary *solely* because of the con-

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troversy suggested in the sentence in brackets, but after the splendid article on the "Myth" I venture to submit it to you.

Yours faithfully,

T. CAINK.

"I am but mad north-north-west; when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw." *

This metaphor, spoken by Hamlet to the two courtiers sent by the King and Queen to discover the inwardness of the Prince's madness, is perhaps the most subtle ever penned. While being a perfectly accurate and clear figure of speech, it was intended to be so occult as to send Rosencrantz and Guildenstern back to the King more puzzled and mystified about Hamlet's madness than when they came. That it may be presumed to have succeeded may be concluded from the fact that this metaphor has puzzled and mystified students of Shakespeare for the past three hundred years, for, so far as the writer knows, there has been no explanation of it offered either in textbooks or otherwise that can be regarded as even approximately satisfactory. That the writer of the Shakespeare works (whoever he might have been) was a close observer of natural phenomena the works a hundred times over prove. Every physical phenomenon he encountered seemed to call up before his mind its psychical counterpart.

Comparatively few people know that the N.N.W. wind brings more sunshine and fairer weather than that from any other quarter of the heavens, but most people are aware that southerly winds bring dark clouds and storms—in short, brew mischief. Hamlet evidently used these differing meteorological phenomena metaphorically, the former to express the brightness and gaiety of the Court life where he feigned madness, and the latter to the sinister motive of the visit of these two courtiers who were sent by the King and Queen to get at the bottom of the Prince's apparent or real madness.

If Hamlet had desired to gratify the curiosity of the King's mission he would have said: "It is only when I am moving in the sunshine of the Court and basking in the smiles of my uncle-father and aunt-mother that I feign madness, but when mischief is brewing, and men like you are sent to sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass, I am not the fool I am supposed to be." That Shakespeare applied this kind of metaphor to the Court life is seen in Act 1, where the King says to Hamlet: "How is it that the clouds still hang over you?" and Hamlet replies: "Not so, my lord. I am too much i' the sun," evidently alluding to the gaiety of the Court. Nor does this end the exquisite subtlety of the metaphor. Why "a hawk from a heron"?

If Hamlet's statement reached the King, he would, while puzzled at the reference to the N.N.W. and southerly winds, see in the rapacious, cruel, death-dealing hawk a portrait of himself, while in the upright, dignified, noble heron he would recognise his murdered brother. It was indeed to the King, as afterwards to the Queen, "Look on this picture and on this."

T. C.

* "Handsaw" is a corruption of "hernshaw," the old English word for "heron."

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

Riding for a Fall?

Amidst the blare of many Press trumpets and the roar of numerous platform guns, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is pursuing a course which must bring either himself or England to calamity. Up to a short time ago the prognostications of disaster to follow the advent of Socialism to office had seemed to some observers destined to be falsified in the event. Neither the repeal of the McKenna duties, nor even the refusal of preference to the Dominions, availed to dissipate the superficial appearance of safe and sure administration which the Socialist Premier laboured to produce. "Where now," it was asked in effect, "are your prophecies of woes to ensue from the installation in the seats of the mighty of men holding views incompatible with the basic principles of civilisation?" To create the impression represented by such a query was, indeed, the specific aim of Mr. MacDonald's policy. His task was twofold, for he had at once to dupe the large mass of voters in this country who are not definitely attached to any party but who certainly do not desire revolution, while he was also under the necessity to soothe the impatience of his wilder followers in Parliament and in the country by inducing in them the belief that his present action, or inaction, was due to the limitation of Socialist strength in the House of Commons.

As the double-faced Janus in the Roman myth looked towards the present, on the one side, and towards the future on the other, so Mr. MacDonald, painfully trimming, sought to smile at once on the Conservative instincts of the country and on the insatiate desires of his Bolshevist friends.

Now, at last, the pretence is past and the fraud exposed. The "Treaty," signed by the King's Ministers

without the King's name and designed to supply the country's goods at the country's cost to the atrocious criminals who are tyrannising over Russia, tears the mask from our Socialist Prime Minister and reveals him to be in actual effect the slave of the Moscow murderers. These are days when to call a spade a spade is to excite at once a sort of alarmed recoil on the part of many good people. But to characterise adequately, without strong language, the procedure of the present Cabinet in proposing to fling many million pounds of the British taxpayers' money into the sink of iniquity represented by the present Russian Government is extremely difficult. A shopman who should supply his customers with the money needed to pay for their purchases from himself would run great risk of being consigned to an asylum. If the fraudulence of the buyer had already been established, and if he actually admitted and gloried in his own dishonesty, the madness of the seller who agreed to such a transaction would be taken by any judge or any jury as absolutely proved.

The arrangement made with the Soviet Government is almost exactly equivalent to this indescribable foolishness. Russia is to be enabled to buy the goods of England by means of a loan advanced to her by England, the interest of which is to be guaranteed by the British taxpayer. The mere statement of the proposal in its naked absurdity is sufficient to brand the Minister or the Government making it with a mark of shame. To expend words upon it seems futile, for it condemns itself. If the Socialists, by the help of the Liberals, carry the scheme in Parliament, they will be in effect simply stealing what will certainly be a large, though as yet an unstated, amount of our depleted capital for the purpose of financing the aims of their Bolshevist allies in this country and elsewhere. To expect that the Russian robbers, one of whose articles of faith is that faith shall not be kept, will ever repay either the loan or the interest upon it would be, of course, wholly ridiculous. (Indeed, Rakovsky, one of the Russian delegates in London, is reported to have made openly a statement to this effect.) Yet the direct loss of the money to be thus handed over to savage and tyrannous revolutionaries, however serious in itself, will still be

incomparably less than that certain to accrue from the activities of the Bolshevist agents who are to be planted in our midst, nominally to supervise trade exchanges, but actually to initiate strikes, to stir up class hate, and to do their utmost to bring about the final destruction of British industry. This is, let it be remembered, the avowed aim of the Soviet Union in regard to every country which has not adopted their own hideous principles. We are thus, as it were, to pay men to ruin us. Financed out of our pockets, and endowed with diplomatic privilege placing them above the ordinary processes of law, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald intends these emissaries of the Soviets to work their will upon what was once "Merrie England." To denounce this infamy throughout the land is the duty not only of the Conservative Party, but of every section of opinion in which strength and soundness, sanity and patriotism, still abide.

But the extension of this extraordinary support to one of the most immoral Governments ever known in the history of the world is not the only move by which, as we believe, Mr. MacDonald is travelling towards catastrophe.

While, by supplying funds to the Soviets, he is doing all he can both to prolong the misery of the population of Russia, and also to increase unemployment in this country through the promotion of industrial unrest, he is taking steps calculated to substitute chaos and ruin for order and prosperity in the one portion of Ireland where these happy conditions prevail. He has rushed to the rescue of the Irish Free State. That State is threatened with political overthrow and with economic collapse. The Republican Party is growing rapidly in power, and, with De Valera released, menaces the feeble Government of Mr. Cosgrave with speedy obliteration. At the same time, the shadow of approaching bankruptcy is falling over the land, and, failing a loan from England, the crash cannot much longer be delayed. We pointed out this inevitable result when the present loan was being raised, and, though our forecast was derided, it is swiftly coming true. That loan, which, on its artificial success, was hoisted to a premium, is already at a discount, and the prospect of duping the investor a second time is desperate.

There remains, however, one resource which might for

the moment—though for the moment only—unite the avowed Republicans with the nominal Constitutionalists, while it would postpone, temporarily, financial failure. That resource is to loot Ulster. Ulster is thriving. Ulster is rich. As if to emphasise the gulf of difference between the two nations inhabiting Ireland, the men of Ulster have maintained order and have created prosperity, while the rest of the island has been falling into anarchy and indigence. While the Free Staters have been existing on borrowed money, the Ulstermen have been contributing six millions per annum to the English Exchequer. What, therefore, can be more desirable, from the Free State point of view, than to eviscerate Ulster by tearing from it three of its six counties and thereby rendering the continuance of the other three as a cohesive entity impossible? Then the revenues of the industrious and law-abiding north could be annexed, through taxation, by the idle and disorderly south. More than this, the actual possessions of the people of Ulster, their houses, their furniture, could and certainly would be dealt with in the same fashion in which were treated the possessions of the South Irish Loyalists. Since these were thrown to the wolves by this country in 1921, at the instance of Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Lord Birkenhead, they have seen on a great scale their homes burnt and their goods plundered, while in countless cases, concealed from the British public by the conspiracy of silence, they have been murdered and their women raped. Some of these last have actually stood on English platforms while the infamies inflicted on them were related to the audiences. But nothing has hitherto availed to pierce the thick hide of English indifference.

In 1857, when the Indian Mutiny broke out and Nana Sahib caused the mutilated bodies of slaughtered English women and children to be cast down the well at Cawnpore, the spirit of the generation of English people then living was stirred to its depths, and that crime was sternly and righteously avenged. The number of parallel atrocities committed by the Free Staters on the deserted friends of England must largely exceed those perpetrated by Nana Sahib. The actual brutality of mutilation has been rivalled often. General Prescott-Decie, who held high command in the Royal Irish Constabulary until our surrender in 1921,

has publicly related that he had to employ men to sweep up the entrails of murdered members of the splendid corps whom the Free State ghouls had disembowelled, and that he had to have the lids of the coffins specially nailed down when he sent their remains for burial by their friends, lest the hearts of these should be torn by the sight within. The heart of England it seems that nothing now can reach; she is proposing at this time to hand over another and a larger host of victims to the Nana Sahibs of the Free State.

For the thousands of human fiends who were guilty of these horrors, and who individually deserved the rope to the full as much as the murderer Mahon, have gone unpunished. They are alive and at large. They are in the Free State or the Republican armies to-day. They fill all sorts of posts. How their mouths must water as they look towards Ulster and see a richer loot to gather, a larger population to murder and to ravish than fell to their brutal maw when we abandoned to them the three hundred thousand loyalists of Southern Ireland!

Has it ever occurred to anyone to enquire by what rag of moral right England, or the Parliament of Britain, can claim the obedience of Ulstermen when it is proposed to withdraw from them our protection, to put them outside the pale of our law, and to hand them over, like so many cattle, to the tender mercies of the very people whom—with too good reason—they most despise and most hate? The men of Ulster differ from those of the rest of Ireland in almost every point in which human beings can be differentiated from each other. They differ in blood, in language, in history, in tradition, and in religion. They loathe and despise the Southern Irish. They see in them an inferior race utterly destitute of those qualities essential to self-government which they themselves conspicuously possess. Yet, against their will and in face of their most intense protest, the Socialist Government of Great Britain now contemplates forcing them to pass under the yoke of these yahoos. Why should they submit, if they can resist? Between every civilised State and its subjects there is an implicit contract. "Obey me," says the State, "and I will protect you." What England is now saying to Ulster is, "Obey me and I will cease to protect you. I will put you outside my law. I will abandon you utterly to a set of

human wolves." If ever there was an infamy upon earth, we say that this is an infamy, and if ever there was a community which would be justified many times over in taking up arms, that community is Ulster.

But no iniquity is quite complete until and unless it is cloaked with hypocrisy. In this case that need has been more than amply met. Has any deceit ever been more shameful than the attempt by a portion of our Press and by many of our politicians to represent the suggested betrayal of Ulster by Britain and the breaking of Britain's word, pledged to her in the Home Rule Bill of 1920, as an obligation of honour due to satisfy pledges to the Free State? The solemn compact with Ulster, under which she consented to the loss of three of her nine counties, on the condition that the other six remained inalienably hers, was made in 1920. Is that compact, embodied in an Act of Parliament and, as it were, sealed by the King when he visited Belfast to inaugurate Ulster autonomy, now to be turned, German-wise, into "a scrap of paper," because promises inconsistent with it were dishonestly given to the rebels, later, by Mr. Lloyd George? If a man has once entered into a legal contract the law holds him bound and tied to carry it out, and any other undertakings of his, made to a third party subsequently to that contract, are held in law to be as so much wind. To call betrayal a deed of righteousness and fraudulent deceit an act of honour are hypocrisies surpassing the limit of what we expect even from politicians.

[*The October number will contain a contribution by Lord Hunsdon on the incidence of Taxation and its effect on industry; also an article by M. André Michelin on "The Danger of Air and Chemical Attack by Germany."*]

Current Comments

The Conference

THE Conference has ended amidst a *feu de joie* of mutual congratulations which must have been as gall and wormwood to Mr. Lloyd George, that hero of many conferences, of which the glory has already faded. A new era is supposed to have been ushered in—peace and goodwill are to reign again on earth. In the words of Mr. MacDonald—"We have turned our backs on the terrible years of war and war mentality." It is fortunately true that, in certain respects, we have made an appreciable advance towards conditions more favourable to the fulfilment of these happy auguries, but a danger is not removed merely by turning one's back on it. The provisions of the Dawes Report, if they are allowed to function uninterruptedly, are probably as well calculated to produce reparations as any which the wit of man could have devised. But they depend for their result purely upon the goodwill and loyal submission of Germany. That there is a large, perhaps a very large, proportion of the German nation which may be disposed to such loyal co-operation it would be foolish to deny. But that, whatever their numbers, they are likely to keep the upper hand for long, it would be equally foolish to believe. It is quite clear that the only possible policy for Germany to-day is to stoop to conquer. Even although her financial position is not really desperate, as is that of the Bolsheviks, the bait of a £40,000,000 loan is very tempting. Moreover the French are still in the Ruhr, and thus have an effective stranglehold. American pressure has been almost irresistible under present conditions. The time to resume the *rôle* of Germany *contra mundum* is obviously not yet. It is in the power of the Allies to prevent it from ever arriving, but on the sole condition that the measures necessary to military security demanded by Marshal Foch are carried into effect.

Goodwill

RELIANCE upon "goodwill" alone, that word which M. Herriot and Mr. MacDonald compete in reiterating in all their pronouncements, will be doomed to disappointment. Of good-

will, of magnanimity even, there can hardly be too much. If it be lost on the Germans, "it blesseth him that gives." But goodwill and generosity are not incompatible with wise precaution. What are a few years of reparations unless peace is maintained? What do we care for the security of American and of international bankers in comparison with the security of our freedom and our lives?

The Substance or the Shadow?

THE discussion of this immeasurably more important form of security is reserved for future conferences, and both Mr. MacDonald and M. Herriot have announced their intention to seek a solution at Geneva through the League of Nations. The air is likely to be so thick with goodwill, *bonne foi*, mutual trust, confidence, etc., etc., that the lake will reflect nothing else. If their present mood of exaltation and supreme self-satisfaction has not been rudely shaken before they meet at Geneva, it seems dangerously probable that these two idealists will throw away the solid substance of a defensive military alliance while trying to snatch at the illusory shadow of their own catch-words.

Proof of Goodwill?

IT is beginning to be regarded as an offence against good taste to doubt the completely pacific intentions of Germany. Although Mr. MacDonald can "turn his back to the terrible years of war and war mentality," M. Herriot, having a somewhat more creditable war record than Mr. MacDonald, and whose countrymen have a more lively sense of reality, dare not yet make more than a half turn. But, just as the Bolsheviks in Russia and the Communists in London make no secret of their contempt for our Government, which surrenders to them, so the German Nationalists daily proclaim to the world their intention to exact revenge for their defeat. Dr. Jarres, Minister of the Interior, in a speech at Hildesheim, evoked tremendous enthusiasm by the statement that "the time may come when the broken sword can again be forged. We must display unity in waiting for that moment. It is our duty to keep clearly before us the thought of bearing arms. German youth must be made ready for any eventuality." Very natural and human sentiments. But is it wise merely to ignore them and to prate about goodwill and mutual confidence?

CURRENT COMMENTS

Another Proof

THE Council of Ambassadors and the Inter-Allied Military Commission have won a notable concession from the German Government. They demanded that the 150,000 so-called Green Police who are lodged in military barracks, and spend most of their time in military training, including machine gun practice and grenade throwing, should be "demilitarised." Most of these troops are non-commissioned officers of the old army, and they are largely commanded by ex-army officers. So much of their time is devoted to purely military training that crime increased by 50 per cent. in 1923 and the police failed to cope with it. With a view, doubtless, to the desirability of promoting the atmosphere of goodwill which pervaded the Conference, accelerated the evacuation of the Ruhr and ensured the £40,000,000 loan, the German Government has graciously consented to change the colour of the police uniforms from green to blue on *the first of April*, 1925! It does not, however, see its way to make any change in their arming. Truly "goodwill" is a potent factor in settling the affairs of the world. Strange that our ancestors placed so little reliance upon it.

Civil War?

WE have already dealt so often and so fully with the Irish boundary question that it is unnecessary to recapitulate all the arguments, moral and technical, which, in our view, overwhelmingly justify Ulster in refusing even to discuss anything but the minor give-and-take adjustments offered by Sir James Craig. Our confidence in the justice of Ulster's cause, and in her ability to defend it, is so strong that we have no doubt she will emerge victorious from any ordeal that may be forced upon her. It is, however, worth while to speculate upon the political reactions likely to be produced by the crisis. We have seen Mr. Ramsay MacDonald rushing to the assistance of his political allies in Paris, Moscow, and Dublin. Without that assistance all three would have risked collapse. Mr. MacDonald has thus gambled away a large part of the political capital which is the inheritance of a British Prime Minister in backing three very doubtful horses, two of which certainly cannot stay the course. He cannot escape the consequences, and these cannot be long delayed. While the

pæans to peace, disarmament, and arbitration, certain to be evoked at the Geneva Conference, are still ringing in his ears, he may hear the first shot in a civil war which was rendered almost inevitable by Mr. Lloyd George and has been precipitated by his own rashness. Had he held his hand for but a few months the Irish boundary question would have settled itself. A republic would have been declared in the Free State. Any further idea of the coercion of Ulster would have been out of the question, and the Ulstermen could have been trusted to defend themselves against any armed attack by the Republicans.

Similarly, another year of the infamous rule of the Bolsheviks, with the impending famine, would almost inevitably have seen their final collapse.

"Circumstances Alter Cases"

WHAT, then, apart from the local fortunes of Ulster, are likely to be the results of Mr. MacDonald's gambles? We will consider only his Irish Policy. In the first place it has already clarified the relations of those Conservatives who have always stood by Ulster and the Union with those other members of the party, and some Liberals, who not only favoured the Treaty and the Free State, but had other bonds of alliance. Amongst the Liberals it has definitely excluded Mr. Lloyd George from any chance of co-operation with Mr. Austen Chamberlain, a danger to which we have repeatedly referred. Equally, if we are not mistaken, it will render co-operation between Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George impossible. It will afford Mr. Churchill the opportunity of redeeming himself in the eyes of the Conservative Party, with whom alone he can hope to find a political career commensurate with his abilities. The one bar to Mr. Chamberlain's receiving the confidence of the Conservative Party as a whole was the fact that under the malign influence of Mr. Lloyd George he was one of the authors of the Irish Treaty and was still not free from that influence.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain has lost no time in making it quite clear that he is not going to follow his initial mistake in regard to Ireland by supporting his old leader's frantic and indecent attempt to cover his error by further treachery to Ulster. It may safely be predicted that Lord

Birkenhead will follow suit. Thus, including Mr. Churchill, three of the "first-class brains," which on the Irish question had antagonised the soundest section of the Conservative Party, are likely now to find co-operation with it possible at a crucial moment when it is vitally important that it should be united and at its maximum strength.

Lord Beaverbrook and Ulster

In this connection it is interesting to read the report of an interview with Lord Beaverbrook cabled from Montreal. Lord Beaverbrook is not apparently concerned about such trifles as broken pledges or the consequences to the Ulster population of being surrendered to the mercy of the brutes who have inflicted every kind of abominable wrong upon the helpless Southern Irish loyalists. Lord Beaverbrook is quite above such considerations as those. He is interested only in "tactics." "I am convinced that an election on the Irish issue would be 'bad tactics' for the Conservative Party." We hold very strongly that it would be good tactics, but since we also believe in such things as principle, honour and keeping faith, we say that, whether the tactics would be good or bad, we regard it as the absolute duty of the Conservative Party to stand by Ulster, as in the war Ulster stood by us. She sent her sons to fight for us, while the Free Staters (excluding always the loyalists) sent theirs to fight against us, in Dublin and elsewhere, while we were locked in a struggle for life with Germany. When we are asked now to agree to give our enemies the chance of robbing and murdering our friends, we say—"No!"

Government *v.* Law

The action of the Government in abandoning the prosecution of the Communist editor of *The Workers' Weekly* at the demand of their extremist followers (or should it be "masters"?) is a final proof, if any were needed, of the danger to this country of a Socialist Ministry. The iniquity of the deception practised on the electors by the Liberal Party in first asking for votes in order to resist Socialism and then immediately afterwards giving that same Socialism the opportunity to inflict immense injury on the nation is brought into strong relief by the calamitous consequences now

apparent. In the present gross surrender of the Cabinet to the British disciples of the criminal gang at Moscow there is, of course, nothing surprising. It is, on the contrary, exactly what was to be expected, for the history of revolutionary movements shows clearly the inevitable supersession of the more moderate elements by the more violent. So it was in France after the great uprising of 1789, when the Jacobins gathered all power into their hands; so it has been in Russia, when Kerensky was overthrown, and so it will be, most certainly, in England, unless the onward march of the spirit of destruction receive a speedy check.

For, in this ominous demonstration of either the weakness or the treachery of Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues, we have a picture on a small scale of the natural course of events, should he and they continue for any length of time to preside over the affairs of England. First we see the attempt to adhere to normal methods of administration. The War Office, with the authorisation of the law officers of the Crown, procures the arrest of the individual responsible for the publication of matter intended, according to the prosecution, "feloniously, maliciously, and advisedly," to seduce His Majesty's Navy, Army, and Air Force from their allegiance. Then the Communists become busy, with the result that the charge is withdrawn on a pretence which could not deceive anyone. "We wish to state," says the political bureau of the Communist Party in refuting that pretext, "that the withdrawal of the charge was made on the sole responsibility of the Labour Government under severe pressure from such well-known Labour Members of Parliament as George Lansbury (who volunteered to give evidence for Campbell's defence of justification), Mr. James Maxton, A. A. Purcell, John Scurr and many others."

Skeletons in the Cupboard.

No wonder that, in view of this undoubted victory, the Communists are exultant alike here and in Russia. The threat which they found most effective in bringing Mr. MacDonald and Co. "to heel" was probably that of calling them as witnesses in the case. The prospect of being confronted with the records of the wild and wicked nonsense

which they had themselves so often uttered in the past must assuredly have appalled the Prime Minister and most of his present "comrades" in the Cabinet. Does he, and do they, still adhere to the view, which they expressed in earlier days, when they were wont to use language similar to that for which this "red" editor was to be indicted? If so, and if the fact were admitted, they could not hope to retain office for a week. But if they now recant those views, how can they continue to receive the necessary support of their Communist followers, and why did they withdraw the charge? The natural presumption is that they still maintain their former attitude. That being so, the country has to face the certainty of the most determined and systematic attempts to corrupt the loyalty of the Forces of the Crown. The would-be corrupters have now become, as it were, chartered libertines licensed by Ministers themselves to carry on their nefarious work without any interference by the State. In that endeavour they will receive, if Mr. MacDonald has his way, the full assistance of the Soviet's "trade" delegates in England, all endued with the now almost superfluous attribute of immunity from legal proceedings.

Is this state of things fair to the officers and men serving their country in arms? Is it compatible with the maintenance of the Empire, the continuance of order, and the authority of the law?

Retrograde Reform

In spite of the frantic efforts of the Prohibition propagandists to persuade us that they have transformed America into a paradise of sobriety, evidence to the contrary accumulates. Dr. Charles Porter, the medical officer of health for Marylebone, has just presented his annual report, in which he gives an account of a visit to the United States for the purpose of studying health problems. We commend his conclusions to the misguided fanatics who are striving to impose local veto as a step towards National Prohibition upon this country.

> Since coming to the Northern States (of America) I have seen more people completely and hopelessly inebriated, at all hours of the day, than I have seen for years at home.
>
> On inquiry at the City Hospital in Boston, I learned that the number of cases of alcoholism treated had definitely increased; in New York the

number of deaths from this cause has also increased and is considerable. The number of persons in prison has, however, markedly decreased.

Most of the drinking which I have seen openly or secretly in the street or in hotels and restaurants has not been convivial, but almost entirely with the object of getting drunk.

As Others See Us

THE Mother of Parliaments has fallen from the dignity of her high estate. So at least would appear to be the opinion of recent visitors from overseas. Mr. Wallace Nesbitt, K.C., expresses the view that the majority of the members at Westminster "strike one as not having as much education or general knowledge, and are not as good a type of men as the members of the township council in the most outlying parts of Canada."

As he remarked further that "most of the speakers spoke quite broad Scotch," it would seem that the clamorous contingent from the Clyde are chiefly responsible for Mr. Nesbitt's poor opinion of our legislative assembly.

"The best club in London" has become a legend.

The New Economy

THE strangely perverted attitude of many of the trade union leaders towards the industries which support their members (and themselves) was well illustrated by Mr. Ben Smith at the recent enquiry into tramway wages.

Mr. Barnard, president of the Municipal Tramways Association, having shown that wages were already 100 per cent. above the pre-war rates, while the cost of living was only 70 per cent. above that of 1914, Mr. Ben Smith asked, "Is it not significant that out of the total number of undertakings you have put in, only fifteen show a deficit?"

Mr. Barnard: "Significant of what?"

Mr. Smith: "Of bad management, inefficiency, or something."

The supreme test of efficiency of the trade unions may be to extort higher and ever-higher wages until every undertaking shows a deficit. But that those responsible for their administration should be held guilty of bad management because they are still able to show even a modest surplus seems the limit both of folly and of impudence.

A Prize for Treason

A MISSION to teach Christianity and common sense to some of our English clergy seems very highly desirable. A society for the propagation of these qualities amongst them ought to be started at once. Some of them are given over to Socialism, whose principal economic doctrine, the abolition of a man's right to profit personally and in his children from the results of his own work, being entirely antagonistic both to the institution of marriage and to the development of human individuality, is profoundly immoral and destructive of the bases of civilisation. Others of the clergy, including Bishop Gore, Canon Bannister and Canon E. W. Barnes, have sent a letter to the Norwegian Nobel Committee urging that the Nobel Peace Prize for 1924 should be awarded to—of all men—Mr. E. D. Morel, M.P.

Mr. Morel was one of the most active of all pro-German propagandists in this country. To save Germany from defeat and its consequences was an aim which he followed with passionate ardour. He was the true founder and inspirer of the Union of Democratic Control, which served the cause of our enemies with the utmost devotion. In any other European belligerent country except this, Mr. Morel, had he acted as he acted here, would quite certainly have been shot. On September 5th, 1917, Morel was charged at Bow Street with procuring the despatch of certain printed matter to Switzerland in contravention of the Defence of the Realm Regulations, and he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment. He and his precious Union of Democratic Control worked continuously to initiate and organise strikes in order to save Germany from overthrow, and an egregious admirer of his, who wrote a book called *Morel and his Works*, boasted that the real reason for the prosecution referred to was that he was getting up a Labour movement designed to deprive the Army of munitions.

These facts are on record. They can hardly be disputed. Do these Anglican clergymen really think that the Founder of Christianity would approve of a man who thus betrayed his country? If that is their view, the sooner they are unfrocked the better for the Christian religion. If it is not their view, why do they seek to procure honour for Morel?

An Indictment of Democracy

PERHAPS no more damning indictment of democratic government has ever been penned than that by Mr. Leonard Matters, an Australian journalist. The peculiar feature of the situation resides in the fact that Mr. Matters himself not only has not the smallest intention of attacking democracy, but is, apparently, entirely unaware that his observations are in the least adverse to democratic theory. What he says is that the Australian public are utterly devoid of any interest in the question of Singapore. They barely know of the existence of the place. What is proposed to be done there does not occupy their minds in the least, and they are completely indifferent to the whole matter. This being so, "why worry?" appears to be Mr. Matters's deduction, although, to do him justice, he does say that the distance of Singapore from Australia does not, of course, affect its possible importance as a strategical base for Australia's defence.

Sleeping Sickness

HAVE we not here, in a nutshell, a perfect illustration of the unfitness of a democracy to deal with matters even the most vital to its safety and its existence? No question could well be more terribly important to all Australians than that of the capacity of the Empire to assist them to withstand Asiatic pressure. The entire economic structure of the Commonwealth rests upon the maintenance of the *status quo* regarding Asiatic immigration. In the very nature of things the insistence of Japan upon what she considers her rights in this respect must strengthen with each passing year as her population swells and outgrows its means of subsistence, while her power increases. Australia, left to herself, cannot hope either to cope with the Japanese navy or to prevent Japanese, and it may be Chinese, settlement on her northern shores. Her whole future manifestly depends on the ability to resist the weight of this enormous danger, while the central factor of that problem is Singapore. Yet we have it on the authority of the writer mentioned, whose evidence there is no reason whatever to impeach, that our Australian brethren remain totally uninterested and unconcerned, while the implied corollary appears to be that, in view of this circumstance,

neither the Government of Australia nor that of Britain need take any more trouble in reference to the subject.

We hasten to add that this extraordinarily striking example of democratic fatuity is not in the least peculiar to Australia. On the contrary, the populace in this country is just as careless and just as incompetent as that of the continent in the South Pacific. But a system of government unable to move without popular impulse, and lacking such impulse in regard to matters the most urgently requiring wise, resolute, and consistent treatment, is clearly incompatible with the continued being of any nation or any empire. The logical conclusion is that either this present system must be amended—and that speedily—or else that every portion of the British Empire will be involved in ultimate ruin. That there are methods by which this needed amendment could be effected, without the sacrifice of any real democratic principle, we fully believe, and at a future date we shall endeavour to set them before the readers of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

A Mischief Maker

PROBABLY few people have devoted themselves to work which is better calculated to fill the future with bloodshed and to bring misery on tens of millions of human beings than the pestiferous Mrs. Besant. True that she is only one amongst other labourers in the same field, but what she can do in the direction indicated, she does. Arrested for anti-British agitation in India during the war, and set at liberty through the miserable feebleness of the Government, she has ever since pursued the same path, the path which leads to the substitution of corrupt Native, for incorruptible British administration in Hindustan and hence by a short cut to the cruel oppression of vast masses of human beings, to anarchy, and to subsequent conquest by Japan. What Indian autonomy really involves is, amongst other things, the hideous sufferings of the fifty-five millions of "outcastes" whom the provincial councils are already forbidding access to the public water tanks. Millions upon millions of poor women will have cause to curse the activities of Mrs. Besant and her like as they are forced to walk for miles to distant wells, carrying great jars in which to bear back their water supply, and to stand for

long hours in queues in order to get them filled. Yet this is but a single instance, and far, indeed, from the worst, of what "Home Rule" will really mean in India. Mrs. Besant has now announced that she and her Indian friends have framed a new constitution which the Government must accept if they wish to escape fresh trouble. It is impossible, as we contemplate the horrors which our fatuity is visibly bringing upon our Indian empire, not to long earnestly for some breath of firmness, of sanity, and of common sense to inspire our rulers and to prevent the full effects which must otherwise inevitably follow their policy.

Yet what we actually have from them are such utterances as those of Lord Olivier in the House of Lords, utterances which must have been read with deep disgust by every Englishman and Englishwoman worthy of the name.

To find an English "statesman," holding the office of Secretary of State for India, defending the praise of murder poured out by the Indian native, Das, and talking of him as "second only to Gandhi himself in saintliness of character," is something more than what is styled in the slang of the day "the limit." Lord Peel, himself a former holder of the same high office now degraded by Lord Olivier, intervened with the remark that "the statements of this man were obviously incitements to murder." This is the person whom an English Cabinet Minister declares to be "unquestionably a man of high and admirable ideals on behalf of his country, which ideals he had finely and admirably expressed." The fact that this Das is the leader of the Swaraj (or Home Rule) party in the Bengal Legislature and the Indian National Congress proves those bodies to be totally unfit for their responsibilities. That a British Minister of the Crown should publicly uphold his criminal utterances may well be felt as a personal disgrace by every self-respecting inhabitant of Britain.

[*Mr. Charles Whibley being away on holiday, we have not the pleasure of publishing his usual contribution this month. The series of "Letters of an Englishman" will be resumed in October.*]

Security (ii)

Remarks submitted at the Plenary Meeting of the Peace Conference

By Marshal Foch

Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies

May 6th, 1919

SECTION XIV of the Treaty specifies, as a guarantee in respect of Reparations, the occupation of the territories on the left bank of the Rhine for periods of five, ten, or fifteen years. Were it possible to discuss the matter at leisure, it would be easy to demonstrate that from a military point of view this guarantee is worthless, and that it will entail increasing charges on the Allies carrying out that occupation. Before proceeding any further I therefore wish to state that this Section XIV represents a guarantee I consider to be equal to just nothing, while for us it entails increasing military charges. This is my first reservation.

I understand, moreover, that we are to hold the Rhine for five years "as a military guarantee and as a means of enforcing Reparations"; at the end of five years and down to the tenth year, inclusive, we are to abandon the Rhine from the Dutch border to below Cologne, or, in other words, for a distance of 200 kilometres out of the 500 we hold there.

But I would observe, here and now, from the point of view of Reparations, that this means withdrawing from the most highly industrial portion of the occupied territory, as well as from the bridge-head affording access to the Ruhr Basin, the chief source of Germany's wealth, which we should thus cease to threaten and give up the idea of seizing.

At the end of ten years we are to give up another 80 kilometres of the line along the river, from Cologne to

below Coblentz. Finally, by the end of fifteen years, the Rhine barrier would be forsaken along the whole length of the occupied territories, and France would be back where she was in 1870—that is to say, without any military guarantee whatever.

I endeavoured, just now, to grasp the definition of the French frontier in the Saar district. It was a hopeless task. We were told it was the 1870 boundary; in that case, are we left with the frontier assigned to us as a beaten country, in 1815 and in 1870? Is it to be moved forward to the Saar? I was unable to determine.

As will be seen, therefore, after fifteen years we shall no longer hold any pledge in respect of Reparations. Consequently, I say, in this connection, that Section XIV is absolutely inoperative. For as payments and Reparations are to continue for thirty years, we shall find ourselves in possession of more or less restricted guarantees for a period of fifteen years, after which we shall have none whatever.

Again, the re-occupation of the territories now occupied is contemplated if, during or after this period of fifteen years, Germany should fail to carry out all or part of the Treaty signed by her. Who is to be judge of the advisability of such re-occupation? The Reparations Commission. In all cases of infringement of the clauses of the Treaty, even such as have nothing to do with Reparations and whether they be of a military or of an administrative character, it will be for the Reparations Commission to step in and say: "There has been an infringement of such-and-such clauses; it is therefore advisable to re-occupy the occupied territories." Is the Commission alone to have a say in the matter?

Nay, further, as regards Reparations, the Commission will be called upon to record any infringements of clauses that are not to be found in the Treaty, because they will only be laid down during the period that will follow the signing of the Treaty. Such a jurisdiction is inadequate.

In fact, the Treaty provides complete guarantees for a period of five years, during which, no doubt, Germany will not be in a position to injure anyone. But after those five years, in proportion as Germany is able to recover her strength, while the danger increases, the guarantees

gradually decrease, until they vanish completely at the end of fifteen years. After this period there will be no longer any military means available to enforce payment upon an enemy who has thirty years wherein to pay, while the burdens to be borne by the Allies will become heavier.

It cannot be denied, indeed, that to occupy a front other than the line of the Rhine, to constitute a powerful barrier on the hither side of the river, more troops will be necessary. Our burdens will therefore grow heavier just as our guarantees reach vanishing point, whereas for fifteen years longer we shall have moneys to collect.

To compel the enemy to meet his commitments there is but one military means, and that is to maintain our hold on the Rhine. For on the Rhine, with moderate forces, it is possible to debar Germany from any action, while keeping every possibility open for our own.

Such are the remarks I have to make on Section XIV. I beg to urge that these clauses be reconsidered, and more particularly by the military experts of the Allied nations.

Were I to be asked what solution I would suggest, this is in effect what I should say: the Rhineland issue is dominated by the Rhine. That river regulates everything. He who is master of the Rhine is master of the whole country. For him who is not on the Rhine, all is lost. There is no need to go very far to find a comparison. If we had to defend ourselves in this room, it would be sufficient to hold the doors to prevent the enemy from coming in. Conversely, should we lose the doors, the enemy will be free to enter. Similarly, so long as we hold the Rhine barrier we should be absolutely masters on the left bank, at a little cost. But if, on the contrary, we abandon the Rhine, we shall need very large forces to hold a country in which we shall be nevertheless weak, since the enemy will be free to attack us whenever he pleases.

From a military point of view, therefore, the Rhine alone counts. The rest is of no importance. The occupation of the Rhineland is of value only in so far as it gives us a hold on the Rhine. If we fall back, as has been suggested, we deliver up our pledges, we throw our doors wide open, we put ourselves in a situation of inferiority, because we are compelled to occupy a country devoid of

obstacles, using much larger forces for the purpose, and at a much greater cost.

* * * * * *

How long should the Rhine be held? Just as long as it is desired to hold guarantees, for there are no others. When we consider we have received full payment, or when we are given adequate guarantees, all we shall have to do will be to withdraw our troops and to leave the country.

Let there be no mistake: what I ask is that we should hold the Rhine, not the Rhineland. That is the point on which we are at issue. The objection is raised that this means occupying the country; that is an absolute misstatement: it means holding the passages of the Rhine, which can be done with a very small force.

When the fulfilment of the Treaty is well on its way, when the German countries show undeniable goodwill, and disarmament is effected, it will be possible to lighten the burdens of all, Allies and Germans alike, by a still further reduction of the troops of occupation. And the process will be carried out by reducing, not the occupied area, but the occupation force itself.

Moreover, these successive retirements suggested in Section XIV will entail the establishment of the troops, first along one line, then along a second line, which will be held for five years, and finally along a third line to be held for ten years. Consequently there will be barracks to build, installations to provide, entailing both for the Allies and for the Germans burdens all the heavier in that it will be necessary to bring up larger forces to hold the new line. This will mean crushing burdens for the populations, and the effect will be disastrous economically.

In short, from a military point of view, I say it is necessary to remain on the Rhine, purely and simply, and not to give up that line, even partially, on pain of gratuitously taking upon ourselves burdens and sources of weakness, while remaining unprovided with any guarantee whatever. This applies to the whole line of the Rhine, from Cologne to Coblentz and Mainz.

Section XIV likewise deals with the Kehl bridge-head. As a matter of fact, this is not what may properly be termed a bridge-head, as witness the fact that we are not provided, in this quarter, with the 30 kilometres zone

of protection we have everywhere else, and the radius of which is calculated according to the range of artillery fire, a zone necessary for us to be able to deploy freely, should we wish to resume the offensive.

At Kehl we hold the forts of Strasbourg on the right bank of the Rhine and nothing else. It has been termed a bridge-head, but in reality it is no such thing, for it could not be used effectively as a jumping-off ground. The forts on the right bank of the Rhine are part of the actual defences of Strasbourg. They belong to them and cannot be separated from them. To give them back to the Germans would be tantamount to giving them back one-half of Strasbourg. Strasbourg is a French fortress; it cannot be divided into two, with one half given to the Germans and the other to the French. The forts of Strasbourg are part and parcel of its defences. How could the idea have occurred not to hold them in their entirety? This point again, therefore, calls for amendment.

Such are the chief remarks to which I would call attention; I wish them to be duly considered and recorded, for I cannot allow such clauses to pass unchallenged.

The Dark Horseman

By Alec Waugh

FIVE miles from Averin there is a little isolated wooded hill. You can see it quite clearly from the terraced doorway of the Estaminet de l'Amour. A straggling path runs up on either side of it, to be lost finally in dense clustering shadow. Very cool it must seem, you will think, very inviting to the sweating peasant as he toils through the July heat among the vines and olive trees on the sun-drenched grey-green slopes. Many lovers, you will say, must have dreamed away there the long peace of a Provençal summer.

But mine host of the Estaminet will shake his head should you speak thus to him. "No, no," he will say, "we never go there." And he will shake his head and remain silent. And you will question but he will not answer. "We never go there, we of Averin," he will repeat, and you must wait till evening and the uncorking of the third bottle before you again ask him. Then perhaps he will tell it you. Drawing the back of his hand across his mouth between each sentence, his eyes never leaving yours, his voice now rising angrily, now sinking to an impressive whisper.

Twenty years earlier, he will tell you, two men came one morning into Averin by the road that leads westward from the frontier. Travel-stained they were, with torn clothes, the dust and grime of a four days' journey on their faces. They had stopped in the square, by the doorway of the Estaminet de l'Amour, had looked each other in the face, had nodded, swung from their firm square shoulders the canvas packs that they were carrying, had seated themselves at a table and called for wine.

Their appearance had naturally excited interest in a community where novelty was scarce. And since unattached young men were also scarce in Averin, the women paused in their morning's work to survey appraisingly their strong arms and the hard outline of their features. When they

were heard to address the host of the estaminet in an Italian accent, heads were nodded knowingly. "Smuggling," it was whispered, "or else trouble on the other side. Well, they're safe now, good luck to them!" For in the mountain passes soldiers shoot to kill, and the law considers the survivors to be entitled to a second innings. Brothers probably, it was agreed; had they not the same high forehead, the same long, straight nose, the same cleft chin? And that evening the impression of relativity was strengthened by the news that they had decided to settle in Averin. They had hired a piece of land, a barren slip with a small barn at the far end of it, and would draw from the rocky soil what sustenance they could.

More than one heart that night beat quicker than it was wont. More than one maiden, as she watched the moon rise over Italy, mused on a more romantic wooing than that of her parents' planning. But such day dreams were never realised. The strangers remained strangers. They rarely came into the village. All day, while the light lasted, they worked in their field, and after sunset they turned, as the beasts turn, to their sleep. They made no friends. They spent no evenings before the estaminet in the square. The village was at first curious, then disappointed, then angry. "Are we not good enough for them?" they asked. "Who are they, outcasts from Italy, to give themselves such airs?" But the resentment passed in time, and the village came finally to accept its strangers as an institution, to become even rather proud of them as one does of institutions. The harbouring of two such eccentric persons distinguished them from the other villages that could boast no such mysteries. And the community watched with pride their steady rise to prosperity, the purchasing of their land, the erection of a house, the yearly addition to their property. No one knew what their surnames were; they wrote no letters, they received none. They were known by the names they used to one another. The taller one was Charles, the other Jean.

There grew a saga round them. They were aristocrats in flight for some political offence, the victims, perhaps, of a family vendetta. On warm summer evenings young girls would sit together on the slopes among the olive trees and wonder what mischance had led these lonely, silent

and romantic strangers to seek refuge in such an isolated village. "A love story it must have been," they would say, and the dark-haired, dark-eyed, rose-red Annabelle would re-create the story. "They both loved the same woman," she would say, "she was treacherous, and they have come here to forget her." Indeed, to the young and fair of Averin there could seem no other satisfactory explanation; why, if they were not broken-hearted, had they no eyes for the many charming persons who loitered in the square at evening? Indeed, their carelessness fashioned a local proverb, and beauty could find no higher praise than this: "She's fair enough to make a Charles look twice at her!"

It was from this proverb that the trouble sprang. A little knot of girls were discussing one evening one of their companions, a slight, slim, flaxen-haired girl with pale cornflower blue eyes. "Oh, Marie," they were saying, "she's pretty enough in her way, of course, but not fair enough to make a Charles look twice at her," and Marie overheard them, Marie who was very sensitive; who knew that her looks were not of the flamboyant, hoyden type that attracted the rugged peasantry; who knew why her cheeks were pale and fine-drawn, rather than full and apple red: knew that her father was not the man whose name her mother bore. Years back there had been a scandal. Some young Englishman who had passed that way in springtime on a holiday. The grandfather was well off; a marriage had been arranged hastily. But Marie's parentage had also become the germ of a local proverb, and Marie always knew herself to be an object in the village of good-natured but ill-concealed amusement. "Ah, yes, Marie," they would say, and raise their shoulders.

"Not fair enough to make a Charles look at her." Her cheeks flamed hotly. She pushed angrily into the centre of the group.

"Is that me you're speaking of?" she asked.

There was a moment of embarrassment, then Annabelle, as the eldest, assumed the management of the situation. She stepped forward smiling, her hands on her hips. But before she could say a word Marie had again spoken.

"Was it me you said that about? Was it me who's not good enough to have a Charles look twice at her?"

Annabelle smiled and shrugged her shoulders. She knew what Marie was; she wanted to pass over the affair good-naturedly.

"My dear Marie, which of us is?" she said.

But Marie was not to be appeased. She stood there, her fists clenched against her sides, her bosom falling and rising with quick, eager breaths, the colour gone suddenly from her cheeks, leaving her face an ivory white.

"That's not what I asked you," she said; "you were speaking of me, weren't you?"

And what was there for Annabelle to do but nod?

For a moment they stood looking at each other. Then Marie broke into a sudden, high-pitched laugh. "And you think," she said, "and you think that if I wanted I couldn't have that Charles of yours on his knees in front of me in six weeks? I could have him there. I could have him there. Do you hear me? If I wanted."

A titter greeted this. "It's easy to say that, Marie," they replied. "You may pretend you don't want him, but you know very well that you couldn't get him if you did."

Marie stamped her foot. "I could, I tell you, I know I could, I could, I could." But they only laughed. "Charles indeed. My dear Marie, don't be stupid. You've lost your temper over nothing."

But Marie was past placation. In a white heat of rage, indifferent to the gathering crowd about her, she flung her taunt among them. "Very well," she said, tossing back her head, "you wait. In six months' time I'll be his wife."

And she turned quickly from them to run sobbing home.

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Every summer there is a fête in Averin. For two days there is no work done, and the third day is accepted as a day of rest after the excitement of the closing evening. It is on the closing evening that they have a concert in a big marquee beside the square. There is a prize for the best solo; minstrels gather from neighbouring villages to recite for the honour of their village some long rhymed narrative. And afterwards they dance on the rough, sand-strewn floor to the accompaniment of a piano and a couple

of violins. It is an uncouth, inelegant and supremely entertaining business.

The last dance of all is the great attraction. It lasts for over twenty minutes, but frequently in the course of it the music stops. And at each stoppage partners change; the girl breaks instantly from her partner, and begins to dance with the man nearest her. More marriages have been made and more unmade by that last dance than by all the others of a whole year put together.

And it was on the outcome of this dance that Marie had relied for the vindication of her boast. It was her one chance. Charles would not be dancing; she knew that. But he would be standing against the back of the tent with Jean beside him. If only the music could stop when she was next to him. No sooner had the dance begun than her eyes sought for him. He was standing, a dark outlined shadow, against the doorway. And her heart beat the quicker at the sight of his rugged strength. The intervals between the dances were, she knew, spaced evenly, and she gauged carefully the duration of the first spell. Once, twice, round the tent, twice and some ten yards or so before the music stopped, and the girls slipped from their partners' arms and turned quickly, expectantly, to see who was nearest them. Twice and some ten yards; and she was now about half the length of the tent beyond that sombre figure in the doorway. Should she hurry her partner's steps so that they might go round the tent twice and cover that extra thirty yards or so before the interval, or should she go slowly, passing only one and a half times round? It was easier to gain time than to make it up. She could adjust the string of her shoe, if need be, and anyhow the first dance was usually the longest.

And so, nestling into her partner's shoulder, she danced slowly, stepping out of the revolving circle into the sanded centre, reversing, gliding backwards and forwards, gaining scarcely any ground, then slipping back again into the crowd of dancers. By the time that she had been once round the tent, she noticed that the couple that had been beside her at the interval were now far in front. She was gaining time, but was she gaining enough? Anxiously, as they came for the second time below the band on its festooned dais, her eyes scanned the face of the pianist who

would give the signal for the musicians to stop playing. If only she could tell when he would give that sign and how. She was now only ten yards away from Charles. If she were once past him, her chance was lost for that round at any rate. And it was too late for her now to break from the circle with the plea of a loosened shoe lace: the music might stop at any moment. She must go on now. Slowly, swaying to the rhythm of the music with short, hesitating steps, gaining as little ground as possible, her eyes fixed in agonising doubt upon the band, she danced towards where Charles was standing. She was only five yards now from him. And the music looked as though it would never cease. The violinists were bending over their bows as though they had only just begun. There was a broad smile on the pianist's face, as his fingers thumped on the keyboard, and his shoulders jolted to the tune. They looked so fresh, so satisfied. They were enjoying themselves far too much to stop. She was almost level with Charles now; thirty seconds and she would be past him, and she would have to begin all over again her manipulations and calculation, only this time less hopefully. As likely as not she never would manage to stop exactly opposite him. After all, how could she hope to? It was such a big tent, there were so many dancers. And she would never even speak to Charles, and Annabelle and the other girls would jeer at her, and she would be more of a laughing-stock than ever. Out of the corner of her eye, as her partner swung her into a reverse, she saw Charles, on a level with her shoulder, another second and she would be past him. Her heart sank, chilled with disappointment. Then suddenly the music stopped.

It happened so quickly that Charles had no time to protect himself. There was the surprise of silence, then the scuffle, the badinage, the laughter. He felt a slim body pressing against his, a soft hand against his shoulder; there was a shout of "Right away!" The music struck up again. He felt the soft hand pulling him into the revolving circle; his feet instinctively began to follow with hers, the slow beat of the valse. Before he knew what he was doing he was a quarter way round the tent. Then he realised that a mass of pale flaxen hair was resting against his shoulder, and that a pair of pale cornflower-blue eyes

were smiling into his. He became extremely self-conscious, began to stammer an apology, missed his step; his feet, interlocking with hers, forced her to stumble, so that he had to hold her tightly or she would have fallen. And as he held her so, she knew that there was once again stirring in him the old hankering for adventure and romance that had for seven years been stifled in the routine of a frontier village. She drew back from him and smiled. "But that was bad, you know," she said, "and you were dancing so nicely before—now let's start again and see if you can't do better." And as she spoke she saw in his eyes a look of dazed and delighted wonderment, and, seeing it, she knew that he was contrasting her pallor and her slimness with the florid, robust good health of the village hoyden. And she moved up close against him and began to dance.

They said nothing, not one word, the whole time, but she knew that she had stormed his defences unawares; that he was powerless against her now. And when the music stopped he stammered a request that they should dance again together. Her head had half nodded in consent, when a sudden perverse caprice possessed her. With a gay, wilful laugh she broke from him. "Oh, no, no, no," she said, "that's not the game at all. Only one dance with the same person. It's your brother's turn," and, just as the shout of "Right away!" went up, she ran to Jean, caught him by the hand, and with her eyes glancing to Charles over her shoulder, pulled him into the dance.

"See if you can't dance better than your brother," she began. But she never finished the sentence. She saw the expression on his face grow stern suddenly and resolute, as one to whom the gauntlet has been flung down a challenge. And, turning her head, she saw Charles gazing after her with angry eyes, saw him turn on his heel quickly, and stride out of the tent, and she knew she had enlisted to aid her in the battle the powerful henchman jealousy.

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And he remained with her in her service. "Always," mine host will tell you, as you sit at sunset in front of the estaminet, "always he was jealous of her."

By this frail, pallid charm his own strength, in which he had so prided, had been broken, and he could not believe that his brother would be any the less vulnerable.

And Marie made what use she could of her insidious ally. She was always very pleasant, almost affectionate, to Jean, and it was Charles's deadly fear of her friendship for his brother that drove him to an early proposal and a hurried marriage. "It served her well enough in the beginning," they will tell you, "but she was sorry enough before many months had passed." Marie was soon made to realise there are few worse things than a jealous husband. A jealous lover had been amusing enough. When she was free she could afford to play with fire. It had been infinitely entertaining to watch Charles sit in angry, sullen silence, while she prattled casually to Jean. But she had been free then; she was her own mistress, and she could do what she liked. As a wife she had no such freedom. She could no longer say, "If you are stupid now I shan't marry you!" She had spent her capital, and every day she found more exacting the demands of her husband's scrutiny. He would ask her how she had spent every moment of the morning and afternoon. On the mornings when he was working away from her she had to account for every second of her time, and if she confessed to having spent a few moments in Jean's company he would glower fiercely and sit in silence all the evening. They frightened her now, his silences; there were even moments when she wondered if his love for her had not begun to turn to hate, or, rather, if he had not come to hate himself or despise himself for loving her; and the village that had watched the courtship with such incredulous excitement was quick enough to spot the first signs of disagreement. "She's got what she wanted," Annabelle said; "she can walk down the street with her head in the air and affect to look down on us, but in three years' time—well, I wonder!"

For the actual climax, however, the village was utterly unprepared. It was accustomed enough to unhappy marriages and ill-treated wives and masculine domination. "She will be a dull enough looking thing before she's thirty," they said. They knew Charles for an ambitious man who would get the best out of his investments. He

would have drudges, but no drones. They expected, that is to say, to be the spectators of a slow, tedious, enervating disillusionment. They did not expect to have staged in the market place, in full sight of all of them, the sort of scene through whose enactment on the stage in Broadway and Piccadilly fortunes and careers are made.

It was an evening in late summer, shortly before the gathering of the vines. Men and women had come out of the close heat of their houses to loiter in the shadow of the square and drink the wine of the country, until the chilling of the air and the thought of an early morrow drove them bedwards.

At a table on the cobbled balcony of the Estaminet de l'Amour, Jean and Marie were sitting close together. She was leaning forward, her elbows resting on the table, her chin supported by the latticed bridge of her fingers. She was talking quickly, eagerly, and he sat in silence, nodding his head from time to time.

One or two people nudged each other and pointed. There were inquiries as to Charles's whereabouts. "He has gone to Collet," someone said, "to see about the purchase of a mare. He was not expected back until late." And eyebrows were raised and elbows nudged. "Ah, well," they said, "he's got no friends, no one is likely to tell him anything."

There is no twilight in the South of France. One moment the sun is blazing out of a blue, cloudless sky, scorching the vineyards and the olive trees—you sit in your shirt-sleeves, tired, warm, content; then in a moment the sun has set and the warmth of the day has passed. You are chilled and it is growing dark. They who live there know not the soft, tender, lingering dusks of the English shires. They pass rapidly from one extreme to the other; perhaps that is why their natures are fiercer and shallower than the English are. They have no semi-tones.

Certainly on that evening the change was abrupt enough; the domestic, sunlit square became in the space of a few moments a dark centre of anger and calumny and contention, and the kindly, indolent villagers were grouped in a curious, electric circle round a table where two men stood facing each other across a seated woman.

Charles had come back earlier than had been expected. No one had heard the opening exchange of the quarrel; it was well started before the crowd had formed. Charles was leaning forward, his fists clenched tightly on the table.

"You will leave Averin to-night," he said.

Those were the first words the memory of the spectators was able to retain.

"I'll hand you over the value of your property and you can go. Come along, Marie." He had stretched out a hand to take her wrist. But with a quick movement Jean pushed the table between them.

"Don't be a fool, Charles," he said. "You don't know what you are saying. Marie is not going back with you to-night. You are not responsible; anything might happen. She'd better stop the night here at the inn. They'll put her up."

Charles brought his fists down heavily on the table.

"Who are you to decide what my wife is to do and what she is not to do? Marie is coming back with me, and you will leave Averin to-night."

"And I repeat to you," said Jean quietly, "that I am not going to trust Marie with you to-night."

There was a silence and the two brothers stood facing one another, while the people at the back of the crowd stood on tip-toe, craning their necks to see. No one thought of interfering, no more than in a theatre the occupants of the stalls would think of taking part in the conversation of the stage. For a full minute they stood looking at one another; then, timidly, Marie stretched out a hand to touch the sleeve of her husband's coat, and, as once the sight and touch of her had inflamed him with desire, so now he was inflamed by it to violent action.

Without seeming to see her, he turned her from him and with a twist of his foot pushed aside the table and jumped at his brother's throat.

It was then that the landlord of the estaminet thought fit to interfere. He did not object to folk killing each other if they wanted, but they must not do it on his premises. Questions would be asked, and police officials had an unhappy knack of misconstruing the simplest situations.

"Now, then!" he shouted. "This has got to stop.

Come along, boys," and, with the aid of some half-dozen stalwart henchmen, he succeeded in separating the brothers; but no one who saw their faces as they struggled against opposition to get at one another could believe that the quarrel was ended there by casual intervention. Hatred had to burn itself out like love. There was not one man or woman that did not at the sight of their faces realise that violence alone could end that feud.

They have their own ways of settling their disputes in frontier villages. They do not go to law courts and fight with words and imputations, and the little isolated wooded hill, up which on either side runs a straggling path, to be lost finally in dense clustering shadow, that little hill which presents from the terraced doorway of the Estaminet de l'Amour so charming, so tender a prospect, has seen the close of much dissension.

It is half a day's journey from Averin, and two men set out at dawn towards it by different roads. They cannot see each other until they meet suddenly face to face in the tangled foliage that is to be the screen and shelter of their enmity. At evening one man returns to the village.

By noon the next day it was known to the whole village that the two brothers had set out to the hill at daybreak, and all day the village hummed with conjecture and anticipation.

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It was a proud day for Marie's vanity. She had not only won in marriage a man that every village maiden had come to think of as above her; she had made two brothers who had seemed bound inseparably to each other, by courage and misfortune, fight one another on account of her. As she walked down the village street, she was eyed curiously, enviously almost, by the other women. But let the old man in the estaminet tell that evening's story.

"There was not a person in the village," he will tell you, "young or old, who did not stand that evening in the square, looking out along the road to see which one of the brothers would return. There was hardly any talking, hardly any drinking even; the atmosphere was one of tense, eager anticipation. Children whispered in the corners and pointed to where Marie sat, silent, alone, self-

conscious, with a grenadine before her on the terrace of the estaminet.

"'What is she thinking?' they asked one another. 'Whom does she want to win?' And their mothers scolded them and told them to be quiet. But that was the question uppermost in the mind of everyone. Would she prefer to see Charles or Jean coming to her along that winding, uneven road? 'Anything for a change,' the cynical remarked. While the sentimental inclined to the belief that it was her husband that she really loved. As a matter of fact I do not believe that she cared greatly either way. She was content to be the centre of dramatic interest. Two men were fighting for her, blood had been shed for her sake, for her, who had been once the despised and laughed at of the village, who had been considered of no account, whose parentage had been the peg for a local proverb.

"I think, as she sat there by herself she was picturing the coming scene of triumph. A dusty figure would be seen stumbling along the road. Loiterers in the square would gather excitedly together. There would be whispers of, 'Is it Jean?' 'No, it's Charles!' 'Charles was wearing a coat like that this morning.' Then: 'But he has got Jean's sway from the hips.' Gradually the figure would grow distinct. Doubt would be set at rest, and the victor, dusty, tired, scarred, would drag himself over the intervening yards. Whispering would cease. Silence would fall upon the group—such a silence as falls at funerals, when the coffin is lifted into the church. A silence of awe and tribute and respect. And she herself, as the prize of the contest, would step out from the group and walk towards him, and he would take her in his arms before them all, she for whom he had fought. They would walk with his arm about her, through the silent company, towards their home.

"That is probably how she saw the thing, as a vindication of her womanhood. And up to a point, certainly, it happened as she had expected.

"There was descried far away a small, swaying figure. There was the excited gathering, the ripple of whispers, the fall of silence, as the figure became identified conclusively as that of Charles. And as the figure drew near,

Marie took a step forward, but only one step. There was something in the set expression of Charles's face that held her, that sent a chill to the hearts of all those present. There were no signs of conflict on his face, no blood or scars or scratches. His clothes were dusty and torn in places, though no more so than one would expect ordinarily of a labourer at the end of the day's work; but his features were those of a man who has been robbed by stealth or violence of the thing that he valued in life most highly. There must have passed from him in the wooded hill suddenly, with the expression, with the consummation of it, all the passion of hatred that he had felt against his brother, and with it had passed too, utterly and irrevocably, that passion for Marie that had inspired it.

"He seemed to see nothing. Neither the familiar market square nor the crowd gathered there, nor his wife, standing a yard in front of him. He walked straight forward, through and past them and with no word said. He was never again seen by anyone in Averin, but a man from Collet told us he met that evening on the road a man of similar appearance, with the dust and grime of a long journey on his face, travelling towards the frontier, a canvas pack upon his back."

"And what of Marie?" you may ask.

The old man will shrug his shoulders. "Not so badly," he will say. "She got good recompense for her injured vanity. She sold his property and went away, to Italy, so they say. As a widow, probably. A rich one and an attractive one. I do not expect she remained one long. Oh, yes, she came out of it well enough. They usually do, her sort. But, ah, well!" and he will shrug his shoulders and call for some more wine, and you will sit in silence and watch the dark shadow of the wooded hill fade into the background of sloping olive trees, and your shiver will be prompted not entirely perhaps by the chilling of the air, and you will be inclined to be grateful for, or to rue, according to your nature, the immunities and the police of Broadway.

The Agrarian Question in Russia Before and After the Revolution

By Count W. Kokovtzoff

With an Introduction by Ernest Remnant

Sir Arthur Shipley contributed an article to The English Review in June last, in which he showed that the monster of Bolshevism must soon be destroyed in Russia by a ruthless enemy of its own creation—disease. The greatest practical achievement of the League of Nations has been the establishment of a fairly effective *cordon sanitaire* against the spread into Western Europe of the diseases which are devastating Russia. But the League of Nations is powerless to prevent the invasion of the Western peoples by the political disease of Bolshevism itself. As we have just seen, its assault upon the strongest citadel of freedom, England, frantically urged by all its apostles, since Karl Marx, as essential to its conquest of the world, has resulted in the capitulation of our Socialist Government and the signing of the most humiliating treaty in the annals of Great Britain.

Political attacks can be met only by reason or by force. As was proved in Italy, once the methods of extreme violence employed by Bolshevism have won even initial success, they can only be repelled by force. There is, happily, no reason to suppose that the accidental accession to office of a minority Government, led by a vainglorious defeatist who in the space of a few days has shattered his reputation for political sagacity, will bring about a similar crisis in this country. The short time which can now only intervene before a General Election should be sufficient to enlighten the electorate as to the iniquity of surrender to the most depraved crew of felons outside of an asylum for criminal lunatics.

To this end it is of vital importance that the persistent lies disseminated by the Bolsheviks, and so eagerly swallowed by their dupes in this country, should be countered

by the publication of unassailable facts as to the real state of the Russian "workers' paradise."

It is generally known that the urban industries in Russia have been more or less destroyed, and that the towns contain a hitherto unheard of proportion of unemployed living on the verge of starvation. But urban industries, although important in pre-war days, were always insignificant in comparison with the agricultural industry in Russia, which probably supported 80 per cent. of the total population and was the main source of the national wealth. Any form of government which, within seven years, has so nearly ruined the natural means of existence of the bulk of its people, notwithstanding that it has murdered, exiled or enslaved the entire class of landlord "oppressors and exploiters," is surely self-condemned. Yet this is the record of the Bolshevist saviours of humanity, as dispassionately and graphically revealed in the following article by Count Kokovtzoff. There is probably no man living better qualified for the task than he. When I last met him in St. Petersburg in the years 1908-1909 he was Minister of Finance in the Tsar's Government. Later, he became Prime Minister. In the conversations which I had with him on the subject of Russian finances I found him to be imbued with ideas as liberal and progressive as could possibly be applied with safety to a country slowly but surely emerging from the feudal conditions of the Middle Ages into a state of ordered and solid prosperity.

Count Kokovtzoff deservedly enjoyed a reputation for wise and sound statesmanship and finance, which raised Russian credit to its highest point. He initiated many great works of public improvement, and he actively and powerfully supported M. Stolypine, then Prime Minister, in the boldly progressive policy of agrarian reform, which he describes in the first part of his article.

Stolypine had the stamp of the man of destiny. Tall, impassive, with dark penetrating eyes, he conveyed the impression of a man endowed with immense strength of purpose, with inflexible and, if necessary, ruthless determination. His life had already been repeatedly threatened when I met him, and his expression was tinged with a sense of impending tragedy. He knew what his country needed, and with quiet courage he had pursued his policy of

agrarian emancipation and reform. The task which he had set himself was one which would have daunted any but a superman. He had, on the one hand, to overcome all the forces of reaction, entrenched in immemorial tradition, and, on the other, to contend with the primeval ignorance of the vast mass of the Russian peasantry. He had to accomplish both these ends while being attacked by the forerunners of Bolshevism—anarchists and nihilists—who, after wrecking his house and killing some of his household by a bomb, murdered him a year later during a gala performance at the Opera in Kieff in the presence of the Tsar.

A superman he certainly was, for his policy was triumphantly successful, and, but for the war and the subsequent revolution, the problem of agrarian prosperity —that prosperity which is the only secure foundation of the Russian State—would have been solved.

Both M. Stolypine and Count Kokovtzoff were sincerely desirous of maintaining the most friendly relations with England and of encouraging the development of British trade and enterprise in Russia.

It may be of interest here to mention the fact that the last time I met Lord Northcliffe was somewhere in Germany in the Nord-express when on my way to Russia. He confided to me that, seeking new worlds to conquer after the successful establishment of the *Paris Daily Mail*, he had taken soundings as to the prospects of a Berlin edition. His views as to German ambitions of world conquest were well known, and he told me that, although the suggestion had been seemingly well received by the authorities, he was convinced that, in fact, every obstacle would be put in his way and that he had, therefore, abandoned the idea. I ventured to suggest that Petersburg, as a point from which, by Trans-Siberian Railway, it would be possible to reach the Far East nearly a week ahead of the London papers, might be better than Berlin. He was so far interested that he asked me to sound the authorities as to how they would regard the publication of a *Daily Mail* in Russia. I discussed the matter with both Count Kokovtzoff, M. Stolypine and other Ministers, and wrote to Lord Northcliffe that the proposal would be warmly welcomed. I never heard if he carried his inquiries any further.

On page 378 Count Kokovtzoff refers to the fact that the restoration of facilities for freedom of trading in Russia

is an illusion. It may be worth while to explain the point to English readers.

All export and import trade is the monopoly of the Soviet Government, and no trade may be carried on without a licence. Every licensee has to pay from 51 to 60 per cent. of his profits to the Government. I can, perhaps, best illustrate the effect of this method of robbing the producer by a brief summary of a conversation with a typical licensee whom I was invited to meet lately by a London shipowner. This merchant adventurer, notwithstanding a strong American accent, was a British subject of the Jewish race. He was a strange compound of commercial shrewdness and fanatical idealism. He explained the system under which his office, his books, his correspondence and his clerks were all at any moment subject to inspection by the Soviet officials, in the same manner as the police might raid a coining or gambling den here. The shipowner chaffingly suggested that, notwithstanding such unpleasant supervision, the Government probably lost a good part of their share of profits, as they would not be able to exercise similar supervision over the books of the firms in London, Liverpool, Berlin or elsewhere, who actually sold the produce. The Moscow merchant quickly disabused him of the idea that the Soviet could be easily cheated in this way, since for practically all the produce exported there was an easily ascertainable market price, checked and reported by the Soviet agencies abroad (such as Arcos in London). No sales below such market price might be effected without special permission, and the Soviet representatives would always be entitled to call for delivery of the goods to themselves at any lower price which the exporter might claim was the highest he could get. (From inquiry I believe this statement to be true, although there is no reason to suppose that the modern Russian official, of the imported alien variety, is any less susceptible to inducements than the native *Tchinovnik* of old.) The merchant from Moscow, having now expounded the whole theory and practice of the Soviet system of trading, under which he claimed to be doing very well, challenged me to justify the prejudice against it which I suppose my remarks had shown. In reply, I asked him these few questions:

"Whether at his age (about 45), with his experience in London and New York, a married man, admittedly accus-

tomed to the comforts and some of the luxuries of life in those cities, he would be content with an earned income in either of them of less than, say, £5,000 a year?" He admitted the soft impeachment.

"Whether a man of his intelligence, quite able to hold his own in these civilised centres, where he had spent his life until a couple of years ago, would take all the risks and face the discomforts and uncertainties of existence in Russia unless he saw his way to making at least half as much more than, if not double, his probable income in London or New York?"

Again he agreed that my surmise was correct.

"If rather more than half of his profits were taken by the Soviet Government, did it not follow that he must make a proportionately larger total profit: *i.e.*, if he could make £5,000 in London he would want (at least) £7,500 in Moscow, and would require, therefore, a total profit of over £15,000 to provide for the Government as well as for himself?"

This was obviously undeniable.

"Then, since all the produce realisable abroad had a more or less world market price, which could not be bettered in order to swell his profits, was it not obvious that the wretched and helpless Russian producer, compelled to deal with him and *debarred from any other market*, was being robbed by receiving certainly not more than half the true value of his produce?"

This inference is, of course, mathematically undeniable, and it is, indeed, the end of the matter, as it will soon be the end of the Soviet slavery.

The disease of Russian Bolshevism, which is only Socialism carried to its logical and unavoidable conclusion —a ruthless tyranny—cannot hope to survive unless it has a healthy body to feed on. As is clearly shown by Count Kokovtzoff, now that it has destroyed all other productive industries, dissipated the capital resources of the country, and ruined its credit, it is entirely dependent economically upon the peasant agriculturists.

On August 16th it was reported in *The Times* that peasant riots were spreading, and hungry crowds were plundering the grain stores in various cantons. "The anger of the peasants is directed chiefly against the Communists. Instructors sent by the Government to teach

the peasants how to prepare 'wholesome substitutes for bread' are driven out. In the Crimea the peasants have arrested Communist officials and are keeping them as hostages pending the arrival of foodstuffs." Cavalry detachments have been sent and armed pickets established to prevent the influx into the towns of famished peasants in search of food and work. "In the province of Tsaritsyn a band of peasants murdered two members of the local Communist bureau and severely wounded the president and secretary." It is quite true that the immediate cause of this violence is largely the actual and impending famine, which promises to be nearly as serious as that of 1921. Adverse weather conditions are, however, only partially responsible for the famine, and had they occurred in the later years preceding the war, Russia, with her vast reserves of foodstuffs and wealth, with her then comparatively efficient transport, and, above all, with her abundant credit intact, could easily have surmounted the difficulties of partial failure of a single harvest.

The muddle-headed, Socialistic sentimentalists in this country who preach the nationalisation of land and industry would recoil in horror from the prospect of any such conditions as have been brought about by the Bolsheviks in Russia. They vainly imagine an idyllic Arcadian State in which village greens, maypoles and Communal harvest festivals figure more prominently than the hard realities of life and the sweat of the brow by which alone in our northern climate man can escape starvation.

I would earnestly urge upon every English man and woman, while there is yet time before the next General Election, to ponder seriously upon two facts, and to spare no effort to drive them home to the mass of thoughtless and apathetic voters who constitute the greatest danger of our democratic electoral system.

First, the utter destruction of civilisation and *life* wrought by the Bolsheviks in Russia as revealed by the following article, and *second*, the proof afforded by the Russian Treaty and the withdrawal of the Communist sedition prosecution, that our idealistic, "moderate" Socialist Government are nothing but impotent puppets controlled by revolutionaries pledged to the imposition on our country of this same undiluted Bolshevism, with its inescapable corollary, conscription of labour.

The Agrarian Question in Russia*

By Count W. Kokovtzoff

THE agrarian question has always played a decisive *rôle* in the economic and social evolution of Russia, a country essentially agricultural. The liberation of the peasants in 1861, not having definitely solved the agrarian problem, was followed by a state of disquiet which facilitated the success of the Bolshevik *coup d'état*.

It would be impossible to grasp the most profound and powerful causes of the revolution of 1917—to understand the chain of disastrous events which we have since witnessed, and, above all, to envisage the actual situation to-day without glancing at the history of landed property since the second half of the nineteenth century.

It is only in the light of the data to be gained by such a survey that we may hope to discover the most probable solutions of the agrarian question.

With the enormous majority of the Russian *emigrés* the writer believes that the restoration of the rights of the original proprietors, and the restitution of that which has been taken from them by the force of events, are now impossible. The peasant proprietor must be considered as the base of the social order. Agrarian evolution in Russia tends towards the creation and legalisation of this proprietorship, and the effort of the Government which will one day succeed to that of the Bolsheviks should be to reconcile the interests of the peasants with those of the original proprietors. At the same time that the land is placed in the hands of the peasants with a title to individual property, means should be found to indemnify the original proprietors stripped of everything which legally belonged to them.

I. 1861-1917.

Before the reform of 1861 the land in Russia belonged either to the State or to the landed nobility—the *pomest-*

* Published by arrangement with the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

chiki. The former was cultivated by the peasants of the Crown, the latter by the peasants belonging to the *seigneurs*. It is estimated that about 1860 there were in all about twenty millions of peasants belonging to the Crown and twenty-four millions belonging to private proprietors. The payments of the peasants to the *seigneurs* were of two sorts: in kind and in money in the regions of the centre and the north, where the soil was less productive, and in the form of *corvée* (labour) in the fertile regions of the *Tchernoziom* and in the steppes.

The reform of 1861 was brought about by a multiplicity of causes. Economic: the methods of cultivation hindered the development of the country, and were no longer advantageous to the proprietors. Social: the agrarian troubles, which, since 1855, had assumed serious proportions. Finally the political cause: the war of 1855-1856, which demonstrated to the Government the necessity of entering resolutely upon the road to economic reforms if Russia was to preserve her place amongst the other nations.

But these causes could not have sufficed nor produced their effects had not the Emperor Alexander II and a few of his collaborators been animated by the highest ideals of equity and enlightened Liberalism.

By the first article of the Law of Emancipation the peasants received their personal liberty without any payment to their *seigneurs*. These were obliged to give them the use of the houses which they occupied before the reform, with their surrounding enclosures and a certain quantity of cultivable land against a payment in money, in kind, or in work, fixed by law. But these relations between the former serfs and their *seigneurs* could only be temporary. The law of 1861 was in effect a step towards the creation of a peasant class owning the land which it cultivated. The land was to be acquired by the peasant with the aid of the Government, which would advance to the peasant 80 to 85 per cent. of the purchase price on mortgage at 5 per cent.; this price was fixed by the capitalisation on a 6 per cent. basis of the annual payments made by the peasants to the proprietors for the use of the lands which they cultivated. The peasants became, therefore, debtors to the State, and undertook the obligation to

pay annually during 49 years 6 per cent. on the sum advanced by the State to cover interest, expenses and amortisation. The economic and social effect of this reform was immense. Nevertheless, it must be recognised to-day that it did not finally settle the agrarian question, and that social problems very difficult of solution remain in Russia.

It is usual to attribute the Russian agrarian question to an insufficiency of land allotted to the peasants : the issue of the situation was, therefore, the division of land between the landlords and the peasants. This was the favourite idea of the Russian revolutionaries, who saw in this "black" division the sole panacea against the ills from which Russia suffered. Now it could be foreseen that this measure would not lead to much change, for the simple reason that the reserve of land was not large enough to satisfy all the needs of the peasants. The real cause of the existence of an agrarian question in Russia resides in the fact that the reform of 1861, admirably conceived, was not realised. The peasants were liberated, they were given land the extent of which, in the majority of cases, was largely sufficient for their subsistence, in the belief, nevertheless, that in the future the methods of cultivation would be improved, and that the yield of this land would be increased proportionately to the growth of the population. This result was rendered almost impossible because the method of possession and cultivation of the land remained as it had been under the *régime* of serfdom : the community system known as the "mir." It stopped half-way in not creating individual proprietorship, the fundamental and essential condition of progress in agriculture. A class of small individual peasant proprietors had not been created.

The system of "mir" is too well known to need description. Its essential feature was that the land which the peasants had received following their emancipation was not owned individually but in common. The community, generally a village, was the real owner of the land which belonged to it, that is to say, to all its members in common, in usufruct to the peasant families, under a system of periodical apportionment. All the members of the "mir" were entitled to a parcel of cultivable land and to the use

of the forests and the pastures communally : all were jointly responsible for the payment of the imposts which the community had to pay to the State. The reform of 1861 maintained the "mir" in the hope that this system would preserve the peasant masses from proletarisation, and that thus Russia would not suffer from the social ills which were the plague of Western Europe. In fact the system of "mir" failed to prevent the formation of a numerous agricultural and industrial proletariat, since, by the force of circumstances and of economic law, the weakest elements were excluded from the peasant communities and lost their rights to possession of land.

What was even worse was that the "mir" killed all spirit of initiative, obliged the members of the commune to work the land under a system of "three fields," and thus rendered all increase of productivity radically impossible. The joint responsibility for payment being a kind of premium on indolence induced an element of insecurity in the individual budget of each person. If it is true that a stable budget is the solid base of all economic activity, imagine the situation of the peasants continually exposed to the obligation of making good the arrears of payment of another member of the same community which, for one reason or another, he was unable to discharge himself. Such a system would appear, in the first instance, to be extremely convenient for the administration of the public finances, since, in an immense country like Russia, it facilitated the collection of regular payments. In reality it was completely ineffective, and led to the excessive subdivision of the land between the members of the "mir," whose numbers continually increased, each having the right to a bit of ground. It had been hoped that the development of industry, leading to the emigration of a large number of peasants to the towns, would to some extent prevent such subdivision. It failed to do so, and the agrarian crisis became menacing.

It was thus in 1906, under the ministry of M. Stolypine, that agrarian legislation first made important progress. But, before considering this new phase of the question, let us note the measures taken by the Government in the period intervening between the two reforms, with the object of providing a partial and temporary remedy for the

agrarian crisis. These were, in the first place, the allowances accorded to the peasants in their payments to the State for their purchase of the land. The Peasants' Bank, created in 1882, had sold in 1905 approximately 750,000 hectares to the cultivators, in respect of which the total of loans had reached in that year 420,000,000 of roubles. A further emigration to Siberia, which had been stimulated by the construction of the Trans-Siberian Railway, had reached in 1905 an annual total of 600,000 emigrants.

To elucidate M. Stolypine's reforms I will give here a table of the division of landed property in Russia in 1905 :—

DIVISION OF LANDED PROPERTY IN EUROPEAN RUSSIA, 47 GOVERNMENTS, IN 1905 (WITHOUT POLAND, FINLAND, AND THE BALTIC PROVINCES).

	In millions deciatines.*
State lands (of which more than 100,000,000 of deciatines consisted of forests, toundras, marshes, sandy wastes, etc.)	137.4
Domain of the Imperial Family	7.8
Land received by peasants under the law of 1861 and held under the Communal or "mir" system	136.3
Private property purchased by the peasants after 1861	13.2
Property of landed nobility	49.8
Private property of merchants, *bourgeoisie*, associations, etc.	22.7
Land of the Cossacks	3.5
Churches and monasteries	2.5
Property of towns and corporations	3.5

Let us add to this table that in 1861, after the emancipation of the serfs, the domains of the nobility were 71,000,000 of deciatines: thus in the space of forty-four years the nobility, by way of sale, had parted with 21.2 millions of deciatines, which were bought either directly by peasants or through the State. These figures show the absurdity of the claims of the Socialist Parties in the two first Doumas. The division of the remaining land of the original proprietors, about 50,000,000 deciatines between 13,000,000 of peasant families—say three to eight deciatines per family—had brought only momentary relief to the peasants, and it had been rapidly reduced to nothing by the increase of the population. On the other hand, this division had so disturbed the economic foundations of the

*A deciatine is 2.7 acres.

country that the slight social advantages which had accrued from the operation (thoroughly unjust in itself) had been counterbalanced by the troubles which it had provoked.

To this demagogic programme Stolypine opposed his own, aiming at the destruction of the "mir" and to the creation of a strong class of small landed proprietors. The Ukase of November 9th-22nd, 1906, which became later the law of June 14th-27th, 1910, gave to each head of a house, member of a commune, the right of acquiring a title of private property in the land of which he had the use. Further, each head of a family received the right to demand from the commune the exchange of land, situated often in small scattered parcels, for a contiguous parcel of equal value. Thus this Ukase tended to create a strong system of individual property, small and medium, and this object was to be attained by three means: (1) the gradual extinction of the "mir"; (2) the heads of families alone were to be entitled to own the land, the other members of the "mir" being excluded from this division, such, for example, as the workers in the towns who did not effectively cultivate the land, but who had not yet severed their connection with their native commune and who could at any moment return, thus constituting a permanent threat of fresh subdivision; (3) the creation of small properties belonging to a single holder, ending the injurious system of division and opening the way to individual advancement.

The enormous work of reorganisation of landed property was to be assured by specially created commissions in each district, composed of representatives of the Government, the nobility, the peasant communes and the Zemstvos (district councils).

Another question dealt with by the reforms of Stolypine was that of housing. The system of individual proprietorship succeeding to that of the commune, and each peasant family finding itself in possession of a specified parcel of land, isolated farmsteads situated in the middle of each holding were to take the place of the old village communities. This new method of housing would result in an enormous economy of work and time to the peasants; on the other hand, the danger of fire, which frequently destroyed whole villages, was thus to a large extent obviated. The system of housing by isolated farmsteads

spread throughout Russia with great rapidity during the years which preceded the war, principally in the regions of the south-west and those of the middle Volga.

But the reforming activity of Stolypine did not stop there. He proposed to enlarge the extent of the land belonging to the peasants. Thus the Peasants' Bank redoubled its activity, and in the single year of 1912 the total of its advances reached the sum of 1,167,000,000 roubles. Under the influence of the revolutionary crisis the sale of the land of the nobility to the peasants grew to very great proportions. From 1905 to 1912 approximately 7,000,000 of deciatines were sold by private proprietors. Further, several millions of deciatines of land belonging to members of the Imperial Family and to the State were placed in the hands of the Peasants' Bank to be sold at low prices to the peasants.

What were the results of these reforms?

There is no doubt that the law of June 27th, 1915, as well as all the measures which followed it, marked a new era for Russia. In the course of the eight years between the promulgation of the Ukase of 1906 and the Great War the number of peasants who had withdrawn from the agrarian communes and become individual landed proprietors reached in European Russia (without the three Baltic Provinces) on January 1st, 1915, the total of 3,027,129, and the land which they had acquired 26,853,000 deciatines. By January 1st, 1916, the total number of peasants having arranged to withdraw from the communes was 5,793,540. In fact, it was a movement which more and more attracted the rural population, and it was frequently the case that whole communes dissolved themselves, their members having all decided to become individual proprietors of the land they occupied.

The intensification of agriculture by the peasant advanced equally with their new agricultural organisation. The use of improved agricultural machinery spread among the peasants. The importation of machinery increased in value from 20,000,000 of francs in 1897 to 160,000,000 of francs in 1912, while the production of such machinery in Russia was equally increased. The importation of chemical manures increased with the same rapidity. From 1,200,000 quintals in 1905 it grew

to 5,750,000 quintals in 1912. The State, as well as the Zemstvos, made every effort to facilitate cultivation by the peasants. The disbursements of the State and the Zemstvos for this purpose, insignificant up till the year 1906, amounted in 1913 to 80,000,000 of francs by the State and 43,000,000 of francs by the Zemstvos. Finally, the technical *personnel*, which in 1895 amounted to 144 in the service of the State and the Zemstvos throughout Russia, became in 1913 an army of 4,581 officials, specially occupied in helping the small cultivators to improve their methods of agriculture.

Thus at the commencement of the war Russia was on the high road to an agricultural transformation: a new class of small landed proprietors strongly attached to the soil, analogous to those of Western Europe, had been created. The land so long coveted had at last become the actual property of the peasants, and they were thus driven to seek a solution of the agrarian crisis by the improvement of cultivation, to which there was now no obstacle.

The reforms of Stolypine had a double object: on the one hand, the increase of agricultural production and consequently a general relief of economic conditions; on the other hand, the creation of a new peasant *bourgeoisie* which would constitute a solid basis for the social structure of the country. One cannot doubt that the realisation of these salutary reforms would have saved Russia from the ills that she is actually suffering from. This is proved by the spectacle which we see to-day. Thus, indeed, we see that even after the revolutionary upheaval the evolution of the agrarian question pursues the course indicated by the reforms of Stolypine. It persists against the will of the actual masters, who are compelled to yield to the irresistible force of this new social movement.

Another ten years of peace and security would have been required completely to resolve and liquidate the agrarian problem in Russia. The law of November 9th-22nd would then have realised all its beneficent consequences. But after the war broke out only 15 to 20 per cent. of the enormous work of reorganisation was complete. It is there that we must seek for the cause of the events which followed some years later.

II—The Period of Communism

The political revolution of March, 1917, the absence of all authority, and the general disorganisation which overran the country soon resulted in reviving the equalitarian tendencies in the rural districts: they showed themselves in the spring in agrarian troubles of extreme violence and in the pillage of private properties. It was thus by a quite spontaneous and anarchistic action on the part of the peasant masses that the greatest of agrarian revolutions commenced. Later, those who had seized power endeavoured to direct this movement, and to avail themselves of its force to secure the triumph of their abstract doctrines. But at first the peasant masses acted alone. Inspired by the sole desire to enlarge their holdings of land, and to possess themselves of the stocks, live and dead, of the proprietors, the peasants, from the moment when they realised that there was no longer any power to hold them back, rushed upon the private properties, which they pillaged and divided amongst themselves.

I will not dwell upon a recital of the tragic events which ensued: the tens of thousands of men put to death, the destruction of an incalculable quantity of goods. Although this terrible history is not yet written in its entirety, although the horrible details of this martyrdom are not sufficiently known abroad, I will not enlarge upon it, but will confine myself to noting the economic and social consequences of these atrocities. As I have already remarked, this was a movement essentially spontaneous and popular, considerably strengthened by the fact that, from the moment when the news of the partition of the land spread, millions of soldiers and workmen, hungry to participate, flocked to the country districts, with the result, of course, that there were more competitors than there were prizes to divide. A large part of the responsibility for the disorders which resulted falls, therefore, upon the soldiers and workmen released by the revolution having in reality no connection with the villages, and solely attracted by the hope of loot.

In vain the Provisional Government of Kerensky tried to restrain this movement, and to subject it to certain general rules, by constituting special commissions to

elaborate a system of agrarian laws: events succeeded each other with such rapidity that all the work of these commissions was without effect.

The Provisional Government was soon thrown over by the Bolshevik *coup d'état*; with it fell the last barrier which opposed the unchaining of the instincts of the crowd. At the same time the agrarian revolution entered upon a new phase. It is here that we may begin to understand the "black" partition, that is to say, the division of the land, not only of the nobility and the merchants, but also of the peasants themselves, however poor, and notably those occupying the isolated farms which had been created under the ministry of Stolypine. This division was to be effected upon a vast scale, since the equalitarian principle was not applicable solely to the members of one family, but also to the whole of the communes themselves. Thus Russia would have been divided into an infinity of small lots of which the extent, or rather the value, would only vary by reason of the number of members of each peasant family enjoying the use of one of these lots. This plan implied the destruction of the growing individual property as well as the co-operative institutions and the State technical *personnel*.

This second phase of the agrarian revolution was also the work of the peasant masses, and consequently it had the same anarchistic character as the first. The Soviet power remained impotent in the face of these developments. It did not even attempt to elaborate an agricultural code, for one cannot give that name to the Decree of February 18th, 1918, which is less a legislative enactment than a simple proclamation. This Decree abolished for ever all kinds of individual property in the land, the forests, and the mines. The land was to be given in usufruct only, and divided amongst the workers according to equalitarian principles based upon two considerations—the work furnished and the needs of each family. Each citizen was to have the right of having allocated to him gratuitously a piece of land on the condition that he should cultivate it himself. Co-operative institutions and official technical experts were forbidden. In reality this Utopian legislation created nothing new. On the one hand, in effect, it only sanctioned the division which had already taken place; on the other

hand its stipulations were too general and abstract to serve as a solid basis for a new structure of landed property.

The two first periods of the revolution, characterised by the momentary triumph of equalitarian tendencies, had the most unfortunate results. The large and the medium landed properties were completely destroyed and the land in large part divided amongst the peasants. In the result, however, the "black" partition could never be realised. The division of the land amongst the communes, of which some were richer than others, very seldom took place, and thus equality between them could never be established. On the contrary, in the communes themselves the equalitarian principle was applied with the utmost rigour. Individual property of the well-to-do peasants was abolished, and their lands almost everywhere divided either amongst those who had no land (wage-earning agricultural labourers and workmen from the towns who had come to the country after the revolution) or amongst the poor peasants. The dispersion of the peasants in isolated farms established in the manner described was stopped dead. I will return later to the economic results of these changes. We are confronted with the apparent paradox that after the division the average area of peasant properties, far from increasing, became rather smaller than before the revolution. This is easily explained if one considers that the total of the private properties was only 42.5 millions of deciatines and that the number of participants was considerably swelled by the influx of strangers to the villages and by the dispersion of many of the patriarchal families.

The Soviet Government favoured, with all its force, the development of equalitarian passions by creating in each village "committees of the poor," the famous *Combieds*, recruited from the elements of the disinherited and the most perverted amongst the rural population. By this essentially demagogic measure the Soviet power thought to attach to itself the agricultural proletariat. These committees, invested with very extensive powers, became the veritable masters of the villages. They presided over the division of the land; they directed the affairs of the Commune; the well and middle well-to-do peasants no longer had any voice. The *Combieds* did more. The division of the live and dead stock of the private proprietors and the

well-to-do peasants was soon added to the division of the land: a division which, it is not difficult to understand, provoked the gravest excesses and disorder. The result was the destruction of numerous peasant associations which, in the spirit of Stolypine, had provided a solid basis for the economic prosperity of the country. Thus the first period of the agrarian revolution was marked by the victory of equalitarian principles, the destruction of private property, and the triumph of the commune.

We have seen the agrarian revolution as it was made by the population itself with the approbation of the revolutionary Government. The Soviet power did not intend to stop there. Its programme was that of Marxian Socialism: nationalisation of all the productive forces of the country and regulation of the whole of its economic life. To this end, since the commencement of the year 1918, several branches of economic activity, such as the greater industries, transport, exterior commerce, etc., had been declared nationalised. As regards agriculture the Soviet adopted another attitude. Finding the peasants refractory to the idea of agrarian communism, and not hoping to impose this *régime* upon the country, it fell back upon a sort of compromise, the famous *régime* of the *prodrazverstka*. From the point of view of the agrarian *régime*, strictly speaking nothing was changed; but the peasants saw themselves deprived of the free disposition of the fruits of their work. The law of May 13th, 1918, prescribed that all the surplus of the peasants' production should be handed over to the State gratuitously. The peasants were only allowed to keep the amount of their produce strictly necessary for their personal subsistence. Thus was abolished the freedom of commerce. Cereals and other produce requisitioned by the State served to provision the towns and for export. In return the State undertook to provide for all the needs of the peasants as regards industrial products.

This plan rested upon the hope that nationalised industry would be maintained at the same level as before the Revolution. But, on the contrary, production declined enormously. Equilibrium between industrial production and agricultural production, which is the foundation of the economic life of a modern State, was destroyed. The

peasants never received the promised manufactured goods; seeing no sign of them, they refused to hand over to the State the surplus of their production. Thus commenced in the summer of 1918 the struggle between the towns and the country.

The Soviet, in order to subsist, to pay the costs of nationalised industry and the Red Army, required a considerable quantity of agricultural products; it did not shrink from any rigorous measure and did not hesitate to send military detachments to enforce its requisitions. These were the *prodotriad*, or food detachments, which put the country to fire and sword. War was declared by the Bolshevist commissars on the peasants who hid their produce. But the peasants did not content themselves with armed resistance: they employed a method of combat more pacific in appearance, but in fact much more effective; they reduced the area of cultivation. From the moment that all surplus crops were confiscated the peasants decided to produce none; this was famine for the towns, and, in the case of a bad harvest, even for the rural districts. Under these conditions, seeing that it would not succeed in extracting from the country the quantity of food which was absolutely necessary, the Soviet resolved to fall back upon another method. In order to free itself from dependence upon the peasant class, it attempted to create in parts of the old private domains agricultural settlements where the principles of Communism would be fully applied. To this end, on February 14th, 1919, a nationalisation law was promulgated, in virtue of which all land was declared the property of the State. Thus, starting afresh, the Soviet pretended to inaugurate a radical change in the method of ownership of the soil, entirely superseding all the forms of individual possession hitherto known.

This experiment in complete Communism commenced with the creation of the *Sovkhoz*, or groups of workers organised under Communist principles, maintained by the State and directed by its agents. The Bolshevists hoped that these *Sovkhoz* would fill a triple *rôle*. To begin with, they would be, by their superior productivity, veritable grain factories. They would furnish the Soviet Government with all the food products which it required for the

towns, the Red Army and for export. The Soviet would thus be completely independent of the peasants. In the second place, the *Sovkhoz* would be the agents of Communist propaganda in the villages, demonstrating the superiority of the Communist system over all others, and in particular over that of private property. They would thus be the first stage of the imposition of agrarian Communism throughout the rural population. Finally, in the third place, the *Sovkhoz* would be model farms, since their organisation would permit of the application of the most perfect methods of cultivation.

Alongside the *Sovkhoz*, supported and controlled by the State, the Soviet favoured the creation of other private associations with different objects: from the communes with complete equality amongst their members and absence of all individual property, even in the implements of cultivation, to the "*artels mixtes*" for the working of community lands, the members of which were only bound in the domain of production. Such was the programme; let us see how it was realised.

The *Sovkhoz* never succeeded in establishing any model farms; the Soviet Press itself is the witness of the disorganisation, chaos and negligence which reigned in the Soviet institutions. Moreover, the representatives of the Bolshevist power appear to have arrived at the same conclusions, for in 1921 already the Commissar of the People for Agriculture ended his report to the Nineteenth Assembly of the Soviet, referring to the condition of the *Sovkhoz*, with the following words: "In spite of the measures taken, we are obliged to abandon the hope that the *Sovkhoz* will ever become factories of cereals and meat." But from this time the situation only became worse. The *Sovkhoz*, far from becoming the principal furnishers of cereals, only produced extremely small quantities and worked always at a loss, their support weighing heavily upon the budget of the State. In the *Economitcheskaya Jizn*, of May 15th, 1923, we find the following passage: "Having struck the balance of revenue and expenditure of the *Sovkhoz*, we are obliged to recognise that the expenditure greatly exceeds the receipts." As an example of the unprofitable working of these institutions we may take the *Sovkhoz* of the Ukraine, which are

grouped in trusts, and benefit consequently by a somewhat better organisation: they cost the State 2,166,889 gold roubles per annum, and the Commission for agricultural reconstruction of the Ukraine was obliged "to recognise that the Ukraine *Sovkhoz*, with a working day from 8 a.m to 10 p.m. and normal wages, are unable to compete with the peasant system of production."

The result of this state of affairs was the liquidation of the majority of the *Sovkhoz*, of which only a small number continue to exist under lamentable conditions. They became places of refuge for the support of Communists in retirement, and far from fulfilling their "civilising mission," far from leading in the march of society towards a new organisation, they proved the impossibility of introducing Marxian theories into the practice of real life.

As to the other agrarian communities, their fate was almost as pitiable as that of the *Sovkhoz*, in spite of all hopes which the Bolshevists had reposed in these institutions, in spite of the pecuniary subsidies and the administrative aid, which failed to make them work. According to the data published by the *Pravda*, of November, 1923, throughout the Union of Soviets, except in the Ukraine and the Republic of the Extreme East, there were not more than 7,156 agrarian communities divided into three groups.

	Number of communities.	Number of persons.
Agricultural communities	1,289	34,609
Societies for working land in common	4,516	84,111
Agricultural artels	1,351	29,741
Total	7,156	148,461

Thus, out of a population of about 100,000,000 the collective groups comprised under 150,000, and this number continually diminishes. These figures are sufficient to show the simple impossibility of these organisations in Russia and to prove the failure of the Bolshevist programme.

There are two main causes of this failure. The *Sovkhoz* created by the Bolshevists have worked at a loss, like all the other economic institutions of the Soviet, because economic enterprises cannot succeed if they are

directed by the State and not by proprietors interested in their success. Moreover, the *Sovkhoz* ran counter to the individualist sentiment of the peasants. These new forms of collective property were repugnant to the peasant spirit, to which they were quite strange and had not, like the ancient "mir," the prestige of custom.

Such was the unhappy case of the attempt to impose agrarian communism in Russia. At the end of this experience the Government found itself in a situation still more difficult than at the beginning. The struggle with the peasants continued, and the peasants were unmistakably the victors.

In this struggle the aspirations of the peasant class commenced to shape themselves very definitely: having emerged from the infatuations of the revolutionary period, and having proved that the division of the land of the private proprietors had not brought a solution of the agrarian crisis, the peasant class hoped in the first place to free itself from the Bolshevist tutelage and to finish with all these hybrid forms of agrarian communism. Further, it aimed at the free disposal of the fruits of its work, the abolition of the confiscation of its surplus, and at a free market for agricultural produce. Finally, a new and very powerful passion for private property was created. The peasants desired the establishment of conditions which would assure to them the free disposition of all the land which they possessed, both that which they had owned before the Revolution and that which they had appropriated during the Revolution. But they understood perfectly that as long as the *régime* of nationalisation should last no effectual and solid sanction could be given to them in respect of possession of the land.

In the struggle between the peasants and the Soviet a moment arrived when the latter found itself on the verge of economic collapse. Famine threatened to devastate the country and the Government could not draw from the rural districts a sufficient quantity of food products to sustain the workers of the towns and the Red Army, the last support of their power. It was thus that the Bolshevist Government was forced to make concessions to the peasants to inaugurate the new political economy (N E P).

III—Period of Nep.

In his famous speech to the members of the Tenth Congress of the Soviet concerning the new political economy, Lenin declared: "We know that only an understanding with the peasants can save the social revolution in Russia. The peasants are discontented with the relations between them and the Soviet Government. It is a fact with which we must count; we are sufficiently practical politicians to say let us revise our policy towards the peasants." Thus the Nep is nothing but a series of concessions accorded by the Bolshevists to the peasants in face of the threat of an economic collapse of the entire Soviet system. Far from being a manifestation of an economic evolution of the Soviet power, the Nep was nothing but a technical manœuvre, "a pause to take breath," to use the expression of Lenin. The communists declare themselves that as soon as the economic situation shall improve a little they will try again to realise the Marxian doctrine; those who speak of Bolshevist "evolution" would do well to consider the words of Lenin just quoted.

Let us see now what concessions were made to the peasants. In the first place must be put the abolition of the *prodrazverstka* and its replacement by a "food levy." The improvement consisted in the fact that henceforth the whole surplus of production was not taken from the peasant, but only a percentage previously fixed by law. The activities of the peasants were thus stimulated: they could take their surplus production to market free commerce having been (nominally) sanctioned by the Soviet, and use the proceeds realised for their own benefit. This "food levy," or rather these levies, because at first there were several, were replaced in 1922 by a "single agricultural levy," and in 1923 by another tax, of which a part only was levied in kind and another part in money. Lastly, the Soviet Government resolved to levy the whole of the agricultural tax in money. In spite of a slight amelioration of the condition of the peasants owing to these reforms, these imposts weigh so heavily upon the economic state of the peasantry that a reconstruction of Russian agriculture is inevitable.

The indispensable corollary of the preceding reform was, as I have just shown, the opening of a free market for agricultural produce. The peasants had henceforth the right of selling the produce of their work and of purchasing manufactured goods which they required: it is clear that this was the means of helping agriculture to rise out of its ruins. But we have also seen that by its policy of prices the Soviet Government rendered the freedom of commerce illusory and transformed it into a new means of extorting from the peasants resources without which they could not subsist.

The reform of the system of levies and the opening of a free market appeared quite insufficient to effect the celebrated *entente* with the peasant class, of which the Soviet Press, as well as all the spokesmen of the Government, had said so much. The Bolshevists decided, therefore, to go further on the road of concessions and to reform their agrarian legislation on individualist lines.

All the laws concerning landed property were revised in the spring of 1922; a new "Agrarian Code" was published. According to this code, the right of possession is free of all restrictions as to time and may not be withdrawn unless in exceptional cases especially provided by the law. These exceptions are as follows: (1) if all the members of a peasant community voluntarily renounce their right of possession; (2) in the case of death of all the members of a community; (3) in case of emigration (in this case, however, the owners have the right to a certain compensation); (4) in case of confiscation of the land for crimes named by the law; and (5) in case of occupation of the land for the needs of the State or of the community.

As to the different methods of possession of the ownership of the land the code renounces the communistic experiments; it reverts to the ideas of the agrarian law of Stolypine. According to articles 58 and 59, all the Agrarian Communes (the old ones as well as those organised during the Revolution) may choose freely the method of possession which they prefer. Thus individual ownership is admitted alongside of communal ownership, and entire communes may dissolve themselves by a simple vote of their members. Further, at each division of the lands of a commune, separate associations or groups of

associations may leave the commune and enter into individual possession without asking the consent of the commune. Even if there is no division, one may quit the commune if this demand is supported by a fifth of its members. This approval may be dispensed with if one undertakes the cultivation of land which, although belonging to the commune, is not for any reason cultivated by anyone.

At the same time, the code indicates a series of measures for the defence of those of the peasants, members of the commune, whose association would be in the public interest: thus, for example, the division of land occupied by gardens, vineyards or lands where works of improvement have been undertaken, is not permitted. Similarly, improved land may not be divided before a certain number of years, varying according to the different systems of crop rotation practised in the communes. The important fact must be mentioned, finally, that the code permits, although with numerous restrictions, co-operation and the use of hired labour. Such were the concessions which the Soviets, under menace of an economic catastrophe, were compelled to give to the peasants by the victorious impulse of life.

Nevertheless, this new Agrarian Code contains also many articles, notably those relating to landed property, which obviously emanate from a Communist Government. In the first place, the code confirms the principle of nationalisation of the land, proclaiming the State the sole proprietor. Next, great obstacles to the free development of agriculture are introduced by the fact that the purchase, the sale, the mortgage, the gift, and the right of bequest are not permitted. These restrictions were not able to prevent the progress of individualistic tendencies amongst the peasants; on the contrary, they excited in them a great distrust of the Government. They rendered impossible the establishment of a new and solid structure of landed property. Thus the Agrarian Code, the principal articles of which we have noted, appears as a bastard contrivance, of which the larger part has been built on individual principles, while only the façade displays the Communist theory. The mixture of the two principles was effected by a subtle distinction between the right of property and the right of possession. In that which concerns the right

of property the Soviet Government has attempted to preserve the appearance of the Communist *régime;* but ownership is, in fact, regulated by individualistic conceptions. It is useless to say that this distinction is purely of form and has only been invented to save appearance; in fact, it is the principle of ownership which matters and which shows clearly the real tendency of the country.

What were the results of the application of this Agrarian Code?

It must be stated that it gave a hard blow, even, it would appear, a knock-out blow, to the existence of the communes, to the old organisation of the "mir," as well as to the different agrarian associations created by the Bolshevists. The majority of the peasants leaving the commune obtained separate holdings and went to inhabit farms, as had been designed by Stolypine. The intensity of this movement varied naturally in the different provinces, and from year to year. But it may be said that from now it will bring about a profound change in the methods of ownership of the soil and will assure the triumph of the small peasant proprietors. I will cite only a single figure in support of this conclusion: according to the official data of the Commissariat of Agriculture, since the publication of the new Agrarian Law until the autumn of 1923, there have been 8,000,000 of peasant families who have demanded to leave their communes. If this movement continues, everything points to the fact that it will be accelerated in a few years, and the Russian commune will have ceased to exist. There we have the strongest guarantee of the ultimate development of agriculture.

A consequence of the Agrarian Code, or rather of the development of a situation which existed before its publication, and which the Soviet Government has been forced to sanction in spite of itself, is the transformation of the peasant owners. During the first years of the Revolution equalitarian tendencies, excited by the desire of division of private property, overwhelmed the individualistic tendencies deeply rooted in the soul of the peasants. But actually these equalitarian tendencies did not satisfy the spirit of the peasant, and, moreover, the Bolshevists understood that they could not escape from the economic crisis unless they relied upon the strong and really productive

elements in the country, the only ones capable of yielding taxes to the State. Also, if we consult the Bolshevist statistics as to the area under cultivation by peasant families, or the division of live and dead stock, a double phenomenon appears; on the one hand, we see a great increase in the number of well-to-do peasant associations; on the other hand, a considerable increase in the number of poor peasants without any stock and obliged to borrow in order to be able to cultivate their bit of ground.

The manner in which the composition of the peasant class is being transformed has become a veritable social plague to the Soviet *régime*. On the one hand, those who, in the majority of cases, profit by the change did not represent the healthy and productive elements of the country. Quite on the contrary, there are elements drawn from outside, small merchants, *cabaretiers*, and, above all, usurers, who enrich themselves at the expense of the peasant cultivators. Agricultural credit hardly exists for the peasants in Soviet Russia; but the peasants need it more than ever. In these conditions the usurers' forms of credit developed with great rapidity. The whole Soviet Press is full of alarming information concerning the growth of a new kind of slavery, for the relations between creditors and debtors are, in fact, those between *seigneurs* and serfs. On the other hand, the transformation of the rural class proceeds much too rapidly, and includes too large strata of the population: it is impossible at this moment to give reliable figures for the whole of Russia, but according to the different Governments the Soviet Press speaks of ten, twenty, thirty, fifty, and, exceptionally, even seventy per cent. of peasant associations which are unable to continue the cultivation of their land with their own resources. These associations are in consequence destined to become the prey of usurers, little provincial or village "Nep men," and to be completely dissolved.

Conclusion. The Future

Thus, from the struggle between the Soviet Government and the peasants, between the exploitation of the Socialist State and individual proprietorship, it appears that it will be the peasants who emerge victorious. Do not

let us conclude from this that the agrarian question is solved. Far from that, the Bolshevist *régime*, by its very nature, is incapable of resolving the problem.

Let us take first the economic side of the question. In order to enable it to subsist the Soviet Government was obliged to make concessions to private property, but it only made them in order the better to extract from the peasants, who were the sole productive elements in the country, the resources necessary to support the Soviet finances, which are hopelessly bankrupt.

These concessions are, however, very meagre. The Soviet Government will not hesitate to withdraw them by force if it considers expedient, and to proceed to new experiments upon unfortunate Russia. Either to satisfy the new requirements of the Communist Party, or because the failure of a mad economic policy will force it to throw its last ballast overboard, it will direct against the peasants new battalions of repression, and will proclaim a new "economic truth" hitherto unknown in the world, and of which, perhaps, even Karl Marx himself never dreamed; and again chaos will reign where superficial observers imagine they perceive evolution and even the establishment of a durable order. In these conditions agriculture will not only be unable to rise from its actual ruins, but it must sink lower and lower. The area of cultivation decreases. The exploitation of the land, far from increasing, will become less and less productive. Return to the disaster of the year 1920-1921 is inevitable, for the simple reason that the quantity of live and dead stock continually diminishes.

In support of these conclusions I will quote a few figures relating to the actual condition of agriculture in Russia.

The cultivated area, which in 1913 was 81,000,000 of deciatines, had fallen to 59,000,000 in 1923. Before the revolution approximately four milliards of pouds* of cereals were cropped in Russia, while the crop of 1923 is estimated according to the latest Bolshevist statistics, as 2,266 milliards of pouds, equivalent to 56 per cent. of the pre-war production. This appalling diminution was the cause of the famine of 1921. It must, moreover, be remarked that famine does not cease to rage in many regions in Russia.

* Approximately 40 lbs.

Despite the efforts made by the Bolshevists to hide these disastrous results of their dictatorship, their Press publishes constantly information concerning this area or that region threatened by famine. In these conditions the exportation of cereals from Russia has become almost impossible. In spite of all the efforts made by the Government to develop exportation they were able only in 1923 to export 40 millions of pouds against 505 millions in 1913, equal only to 8 per cent.*

The most disquieting facts are revealed by the statistics of live-stock and the production of agricultural machinery. The lamentable condition of these two principal factors in agriculture appears to condemn it to a very long period of complete decadence. Of 21 millions of horses there remain only 8,686,000, and their number continues to diminish. The number of peasant associations without horses is enormous. The number of cattle has fallen from 22 millions to 11,948,000, approximately half; sheep from 79 millions to 13 millions. One fact particularly ominous for the future of stock-raising in Russia is that most of the pedigree animals have succumbed in the economic ruin of the country. Before the war the importation of agricultural machinery and implements amounted in value to about 59,000,000 of gold roubles. The annual internal production was estimated at 52,000,000 of gold roubles. Hardly any of these machines are now imported, and the internal production in the country has fallen to 13 per cent. of simple implements, such as reaping hooks, ploughs, etc., while of the larger machines (sowers, threshing machines) the reduction is still larger. In many regions of Russia a large part, if not the majority, of the peasants do not possess the means of production, and are obliged to borrow them or to have recourse to archaic implements which were disappearing before the revolution, such as wooden ploughs, etc.

Such, in the domain of agriculture, are the results of the six years which Russia has lived under the Communist yoke.

The peasants aspire, before all, that their lands shall be recognised as being their property without restriction. But we have seen that the agrarian legislation actually in force

* The "bulging corn bins" of Mr. Lloyd George.

in Soviet Russia places numerous obstacles in the way of this principle. Such are the restrictions on the free transfer of land, the restrictions on sale and purchase, on mortgage and the right of bequest. Moreover the peasants understand perfectly that a real sanction of the proprietorship of their land cannot be given to them by a Communist Government which is based fundamentally upon the nationalisation of all the forces of production, and which, in effect, does not give the peasants proprietorship of their land, but only its conditional use.

In these conditions the peasants, who did not feel themselves masters of their land, cultivated it in a quite irrational manner. The cultivation of the soil has assumed a character of rapacity, ruinous to the productive power of the land.

The peasants who were in such haste to seize the property of the original landlords gradually abandoned the land after having robbed it of its vitality; everything is disorganised and dilapidated, the gardens destroyed and the woods cut down, the horses and the cattle decimated, machines and implements transformed into useless scrap iron. To sum up, the peasants who hoped to increase their holdings find themselves in possession of shrunken productive powers and their chronic impoverishment is beyond question.

One could mention many other consequences of the new *régime*. Not only has the peasant no longer the disposition of the proceeds of his market, but he cannot even find the most modest and indispensable resources for his cultivation other than under ruinous conditions. It is no longer possible for him to meet the deficit of his budget by supplementary gains, and he cannot find them in the towns, which also are ruined and with which communications are difficult and costly.

Such is the situation of the peasant under the Bolshevist *régime*. Let us glance at the possible evolution of the agrarian question in Russia.

Bolshevism interrupted the normal and peaceable evolution of Russian agricultural prosperity. If one wishes to have an idea of the sane and healthy principles which were the foundation of the agrarian developments following the liberation of the peasants, one may cite the

following facts as worthy of the attention of every impartial observer.

In the month of May, 1923, a Conference met in Paris of numerous representatives of the Russian colony, of the most diverse political and economic opinions, from the Conservatives of the extreme Right to those of the Socialist Revolutionary type. Arrived at the examination of the means by which, whenever the arbitrary Soviet *régime* should collapse, it could be replaced by one founded on right and justice, the Conference heard with interest the declaration of a representative of the Socialist Revolutionary Party, who affirmed categorically that the Russian Government before the Revolution followed a policy in the interests of the State, and was guided as much by considerations of justice as by the desire to find a peaceful solution of the all-important agrarian problem. The speaker referred specifically to the agrarian legislation of the ten years which preceded the Great War.

The most elementary impartiality compels recognition of the fact that after the great work of the liberation of the peasants with the transfer of the land, the Stolypine reforms instituted an agrarian policy in accordance with the desires and aspirations of the great majority of the peasant class, in perfect accord with the supreme interests of the State, and in harmony with the agrarian evolution of Western Europe. Individual ownership, of which the expansion and consolidation were the objects aimed at by this reform, remains the sole possible basis on which an agricultural order can be built in Russia. But the realisation of this principle, which is diametrically opposed to the principles of Communism, could not be effected within the framework of Bolshevism for the reasons which have been stated. The conclusion is inevitable that the Russian agrarian problem will not be solved until after the collapse of the Soviet *régime* and the establishment of a Government conformable with conceptions of the modern State.

I have never doubted this, and each time that I have tried to explain the true situation in Russia I have been obliged to show that the Soviet Government has ruined Russian civilisation by applying the three following methods, which must ultimately destroy that Government

itself: (1) The despotic domination of life and human dignity by brutal and savage force; (2) the demoralisation of the people; (3) the destruction of every stimulus to productive work by the abolition of the right of private ownership and free initiative.

It would appear, therefore, to be necessary that each and everyone should be re-established in his rights, restored to possession of that which has been taken from them by force, and guaranteed in the future against any repetition of the acts which, as has been proved by Russian experience, can only lead to chaos, ruin and the utter destruction of the people.

But in the agrarian domain I do not consider it possible to apply the principle of *integrum restitutio*. At the risk of being taxed with inconsistency, I believe that the solution of this question must be sought by another means. There can be no question of simply taking the land from its present possessors and restoring it to its original dispossessed proprietors. Moreover, such a restoration does not enter into the views of the major part of the original landlords now scattered abroad, as was shown by the very interesting and complete discussion, of which I have spoken above, in May and June, 1923, by the union of the old officials of the Russian Ministry of Finance.

Certainly it would be just to restore to the original landed proprietors that which belonged to them and which they lost in the Revolution; but there is no means of doing it. I have shown how deeply the irresistible desire for possession of the land was rooted in the minds of the Russian peasantry. The future Russian Government, after having saved Russia from chaos, and whatever may be the sentiments of justice which animate it, will have no power to put back the people under the conditions laid down by the laws in force before the Revolution of 1917. The social interests of the country demand imperiously that in place of the principle of *integrum restitutio* a law should be proclaimed conferring on the peasants the right of ownership of the land which they actually possess, although by virtue of the revolutionary principle.

Such a solution of the question will also be dictated by considerations of fact. To use the land, which is the principal wealth of the country, in the best manner and with

the shortest possible delay, should be, before all and in the general interest, the object of the country. But the landed proprietors in the enormous majority of cases are incapable of realising this task. Whole families have been annihilated, others are completely ruined and could only return to the cultivation of the land with strength and energy broken, without capital and without credit. They would find on one hand heaps of ruins in place of properties improved by their work and the efforts of their ancestors, and on the other a population profoundly hostile and unwilling to give up that which they are already accustomed to consider as their own. That is why it appears to me inevitable to accept this situation as the basis of a future agrarian policy in Russia. New social cataclysms must not be provoked, and the land which is actually being cultivated by the peasants must be dedicated to their private ownership without restriction. To create a strong and stable class of small peasant proprietors no obstacles must be placed in the way of their free disposition of the land. The extent of individual holdings should be exactly defined by the State, in order that all doubt should be removed from the peasants as to the limits of their property.

But, if we reject restitution entirely, we should be guilty of flagrant injustice and of violation of the principles of right which should be the basis of the future Russian State. The losses resulting from the agrarian revolution would be thrown upon the single class of dispossessed proprietors. The State should itself undertake this complicated problem, on the solution of which depends the future of agricultural Russia. In sanctioning the seizure of the land by the peasants the State should not give it the character of a simple gift. The peasant should not receive gratuitously the land to which he gets a title of private ownership with full rights of disposal. No Government guided by principles of justice could construct a permanent social peace on the enrichment of one part of the population at the expense of another.

The peasant should pay the State for the land of which he becomes owner. It is the State which must pay the original proprietors. No direct obligations should be created between the new and the old owners. Between them would be the State with all its authority and its ad-

ministrative powers. Even if this operation should take long, if it should only provide an insufficient compensation to the old proprietors, and if, therefore, the country demands new and great sacrifices from those who are thus affected, *salus respublicæ suprema lex est.*

The extension of peasant proprietorship is not, however, alone capable of solving the agrarian problem. If the methods of cultivation are not modified, the growth of the population will quickly absorb the land held by the peasants. The true solution of the difficulty must be sought in the increase of production by use of improved methods and by the consolidation of the system of individual ownership. To this end the State should aid the peasants by organising agricultural credit, expert technical instruction, etc.

A last word. There remain in Russia domains of vast extent awaiting cultivation exceeding the dimensions of the peasant properties. These form reserves in the different regions of Russia which will furnish the land necessary for the larger and medium-sized properties which have always been the vehicle of agricultural progress in Russia. Such large and medium-sized properties are perhaps more necessary in Russia than in any other country. I will not here touch upon technical questions. It is sufficient to remember that in a country like Russia agricultural progress cannot be obtained solely by small properties. The most valuable initiative in the fields of public instruction, of sanitary organisation in the country, of the construction and maintenance of roads, has always been the work of the more enlightened and educated representatives of landed property. The best pages in local history are the work in Russia of these middle-class landed proprietors. These men have sown the Russian land with their bones; their living successors are in exile, and all the rural life, all the activities of the *Zemstvos* are extinguished; the real schools are closed and replaced by the classes of the Bolshevist *protocult*, which deprave the life and soul of the Russian children; the best teachers in the country have disappeared by magic; the hospitals where the peasant was cared for, and where he learnt the first elements of hygiene, remain with doors and windows closed; the roads which cost the *Zemstvos* and the peasants hundreds of millions are

abandoned and disappearing for want of upkeep. Who, then, will be able, when the time comes, to rebuild the ruins and heal such deep wounds? By all the evidence, that which was so laboriously achieved by the *Zemstvos* in the course of half a century has been ruined in seven years by the Bolsheviks, and cannot be reconstructed by the peasants alone. Also, it is indispensable to afford to the country the help of well-informed and educated landed proprietors. Alongside of the peasant holdings must be reconstructed the larger and medium properties whose owners in the future, as in the past, will be careful not only of their own interests but of the interests of the peasants, provided that these latter abandon the use of violence and return to peaceful co-operation.

I should wish to conclude this paper by stating a personal view: I myself was a landed proprietor; my ancestors have lived three centuries on the same land without ever leaving it for other professions. There remains nothing to-day but ruins; the tombs even of those who were buried there cannot be found. But the interests of the land remain dear to me. I consider that my country should not remain solely a country of peasants: intellectual and civilising forces of which she is now deprived must return to the land to fructify the work of regenerating Russia.

Charles Lamb and George Dyer

By Dudley Wright

GEORGE DYER was one of the most prominent and intimate friends of Charles Lamb, who conferred upon him, says E. V. Lucas, the patent of immortality, for had it not been for Lamb the name of Dyer would not have been known. How the twain became acquainted cannot be stated, for Dyer was not, as many writers assert, Leslie Stephen included, an elder contemporary of Lamb at Christ's Hospital. Dyer was twenty-seven years of age when Lamb entered the famous school in 1782; he had already passed through the ranks of the Grecians, had entered Emmanuel College, Cambridge, graduated, and was employed as usher in the Grammar School at Dedham. It is more than probable that the introduction was effected through Coleridge, to whom Dyer was known and whose Pantosocritan scheme he favoured—a scheme which he thought his friend, Dr. Priestley, would join.

The son of a "citizen and shipwright" or a "Wapping watchman"—the information as to his birth and parentage is thus varied—Dyer appears to have been from his earliest days a bookworm, passing the greater part of his life in libraries, and, for this reason, may have become the object of Lamb's youthful reverence, an attitude which seems quickly to have become mingled with banter and badinage. It is said that his extraordinary love of books attracted the attention of two elderly ladies, who secured for him a presentation to Christ's Hospital, where he remained, a diligent scholar, for twelve years, leaving it when he was nineteen, with an Exhibition and a donation from a benefactor which sufficed for his moderate requirements while he was at Cambridge. As a Grecian he had access to the library at Christ's Hospital where, in his own words, he "feasted on this hidden banquet," and at a younger age than any on record he reached the head of the school.

Talfourd has sketched a pen picture of Dyer, and,

although some of the particulars of his life he has given elsewhere are inaccurate in minor details, there is no reason to regard with suspicion the following narrative :—

> His life was an Academic Pastoral. Methinks I see his gaunt, awkward form, set off by trousers too short, like those outgrown by a gawky lad, and a rusty coat, as much too large for the wearer, hanging about him, like those garments which the aristocratic Milesian peasantry prefer to the most comfortable rustic dress; his long head silvered over with short yet struggling hair, and his dark grey eyes glistening with faith and wonder, as Lamb satisfied the curiosity which had gently disturbed his studies as to the authorship of the Waverley Novels, by telling him, in the strictest confidence, that they are the works of Lord Castlereagh, just returned from the Congress of Sovereigns at Vienna! Off he runs, with animated stride and shambling enthusiasm, nor stops till he reaches Maida Hill, and breathes his news into the startled ear of Leigh Hunt, who, "as a public writer," ought to be possessed of the great fact with which George is laden! Or shall I endeavour to revive the bewildered look with which, just after he had been announced as one of Lord Stanhope's literary executors and residuary legatees [for which act Mrs. Barbauld called Lord Stanhope "insane"], he received Lamb's grave inquiry whether it was true, as commonly reported, that he was to be made a Lord! "Oh, dear, no! Mr. Lamb," responded he with earnest seriousness, but not without a moment's quivering vanity. "I could not think of such a thing; it is not true, I assure you." "I thought not," said Lamb, "and I contradict it wherever I go; but the Government will not ask your consent; they may raise you to the peerage without your even knowing it." "I hope not, Mr. Lamb; indeed, indeed, I hope not; it would not suit at all," responded Dyer, and went his way, musing on the possibility of a strange honour descending on his reluctant brow. Or shall I recall the visible presentment of his bland unconsciousness of evil when his sportive friend taxed it to the utmost by suddenly asking what he thought of the murderer Williams, who, after destroying two families in Ratcliffe Highway, had broken prison by suicide, and whose body had just before been conveyed in shocking procession to its cross-road grave! The desperate attempt to compel the gentle optimist to speak ill of a mortal creature produced no happier success than the answer: "Why, I should think, Mr. Lamb, he must have been rather an eccentric character."

The fact that Dyer became a Grecian at Christ's Hospital and accepted an Exhibition at Cambridge may be assumed as proof of his intention to take Holy Orders, there being an implied understanding, though not a written undertaking, to this effect from all Grecians who became Exhibitioners. On leaving Dedham, however, Dyer returned to Cambridge, though not to the university, but to the household of the Rev. Robert Robinson, a Baptist minister, who afterwards became a convert to Unitarianism. Robinson had a varied experience. He was attracted to the Calvinistic Methodists by the preaching of Whitefield, and he became an Independent before joining the Baptists.

At Cambridge he became on friendly terms with Theophilus Lindsey and Dr. John Jebb, whom Lindsey wished to enter the Unitarian ministry as his colleague. Through the writings of Priestley, who, he said, arrested his progress from enthusiasm to deism, Robinson was led to reject the dogmas of the Trinity and the personality of the Holy Spirit. Dyer, it is said, through Robinson's influence, also joined the Unitarians, and seems to have become on friendly terms with Priestley. It is probable that he was influenced by Frend, the Cambridge Fellow, who was tried by the Chancellor's Court for his propagation of Unitarian tenets.

There must have been some very attractive characteristics in Dyer, for many of his contemporaries—Lamb, Barry Cornwall, and Talfourd among them—have left on record their favourable impressions of his character. Lamb said that "the gods, by denying him the very faculty of discrimination, have effectually cut off every seed of envy in his bosom." Barry Cornwall described him as :—

> One of the simplest and most inoffensive men in the world; in his heart there existed nothing but what was altogether pure and unsophisticated. He seemed never to have outgrown the innocence of childhood; or, rather, he appeared to be without those germs or first principles of evil which sometimes begin to show themselves even in childhood itself. He was not only without the dark passions himself, but he would not perceive them in others.

Many and amusing are the anecdotes concerning him. Lamb well remarked that he could scarce conceive a more amusing novel than the Life of George Dyer. It is said that he was so absent-minded that he had been known to empty his snuff-box into the teapot when making tea for his guests, the caddy being empty. On another occasion, in a similar predicament, he emptied a small packet of ginger into the pot. He once spent an evening at Leigh Hunt's house on Hampstead Heath and went back about a quarter of an hour after he had left, by which time the family had retired to their bedrooms. When asked by Hunt the reason for his return he said: "I think I have left one of my shoes behind me." It was found underneath the table where Dyer had been sitting, but he had not discovered his loss until he had travelled some distance. Leigh Hunt has taken Dyer for the character of

Goodall in his sketch *Jack Abbott's Breakfast*. On one occasion George Dyer, paying a visit to an acquaintance, took away the manservant's hat and left his own behind him. He did not discover his mistake till he was met by a friend, who pointed to the cockade and sympathised with him on the change in his social position. He was not, at one time, the owner of many books, and used to keep his "neat library" in the seat of his easy-chair. Mary Lamb and Mrs. Hazlitt, going to his chambers one day in his absence, "tidied up the room and sewed fast that out-of-repair easy-chair, with his books within it, whereat, to use his own words, he was greatly disconcerted." Afterwards, however. he collected a large number of books, which were sold, after his death, at Sotheby's, on April 25th and 26th, 1832, the catalogue consisting of 721 items.

On another occasion Lamb himself paid a visit to those chambers in Clifford's Inn, when he found Dyer, in mid-winter, wearing nankeen pantaloons four times too big for him, "which the said heathen," writes Benjamin Ellis Martin, "did pertinaciously affirm to be new. These were absolutely engrained with the accumulated dirt of ages, but he affirmed 'em to be clean. He was going to visit a lady who was very nice about these things and that's the reason he wore nankeen that day." Lamb once sent this guileless creature to Primrose Hill at sunrise to see the Persian Ambassador perform his orisons! Small wonder that Dr. Thomas Sadler said that George Dyer was a man in whom a want of humour amounted to a positive endowment.

Dyer had a dog which he called Tobit, but which Lamb re-christened No-bit, because of his master's economies. He was a great economist, so far as his own personal expenditure was concerned, and both Cottle and Rickman narrate an episode which shows how he nearly succeeded in terminating his earthly existence by carrying his wholesome precept of living sparingly and drinking plenty of water gruel to the extremest limit. The two accounts vary in detail, but Cottle writes as follows:—

> Mr. Coleridge related to me a rather ludicrous circumstance concerning George Dyer which Charles Lamb had told him the last time he passed through London. Charles Lamb had heard that George Dyer was very ill, and hastened to see him. He found him in an emaciated state, shivering over a few embers. "Ah!" said George, "I am glad to

see you. You won't have me here long. I have just written this letter to my young nephews and nieces to come immediately and take a final leave of their uncle." Lamb found on enquiry that he had latterly been living on water gruel and a low, starving diet, and readily defined the cause of his maladies. "Come," said Lamb, "I shall take you home immediately to my house, and I and my sister will nurse you." "Ah!" said George Dyer, "it won't do." The hackney coach was soon at the door, and as the sick man entered it he said to Lamb, "Alter the address and then send the letter with all speed to the poor children." "I will," said Lamb, "and at the same time call the doctor."

George Dyer was now seated by Lamb's comfortable fire, while Lamb hastened to his medical friend and told him that a worthy man was at his house who had almost starved himself on water gruel. "You must come," said he, "directly and prescribe some kitchen stuff, or the poor man will be dead. He won't take anything from me, but says 'tis useless." Away both the philanthropists hastened, and Charles Lamb anticipated what would be required and furnished himself on the road with a pound of beef steak. The doctor now entered the room and, advancing towards his patient, felt his pulse, and asked him a few questions. Looking grave, he said: "Sir, you are in a very dangerous way." "I know it, sir, I know it," said George Dyer. The doctor replied: "Yours is a very peculiar case, and if you do not implicitly follow my directions you will die of atrophy before to-morrow morning. It is the only possible chance of saving your life. You must directly make a good meal off beef steaks and drink the best part of a pint of porter." "'Tis too late," said Dyer, "but I'll eat, I'll eat." The doctor now withdrew, and so nicely had Lamb calculated the result that the steaks were by this time broiling on the fire, and, as though by magic, the doctor had scarcely left the room when the steaks and the porter were both on the table.

Just as George Dyer had begun voraciously to feed on the steaks his young nephews and nieces entered the room crying. "Good-bye, my dears," said George Dyer, taking a deep draught of the porter, "you won't see much of me longer." After a few mouthfuls of the steak he further said: "Be good children when I am gone." Taking another draught of the porter, he continued: "Mind your books and don't forget your hymns." "We won't," answered a little shrill, silvery voice from among the group, "we won't, dear uncle." He now gave them a

parting kiss, when the children retired in a state of wonderment that "sick uncle" should be able to eat and drink so heartily. "And so," said Lamb, in his own peculiar phraseology, "at night I packed up his little nipt carcass snug in bed, and after stuffing him for a week sent him home as plump as a partridge."

Dyer was a conscientious and painstaking worker, and a stickler for accuracy. He suppressed one edition of his *Poems* after it had been printed, solely on account of an error. This led to Lamb bestowing upon him the sobriquet of "Cancellarius Major." Although his work was scholarly and serious and he was always a welcome guest at the houses of men of letters, he never became more than a literary hack, "drudging at low rates for unappreciating booksellers," as Lamb wrote, "wasting his fine erudition in silent corrections of the classics, and in those unostentatious but solid services to learning, which continually fall to the lot of laborious scholars, who have not the art to sell themselves to the best advantage." He wrote the *Life of Robert Robinson*, which both Wordsworth and Dr. Parr called one of the best biographies in the English language. He also wrote many biographies for the *Annual Necrology*, edited Robinson's *History of Baptism* and *Ecclesiastical Researches*, and published two volumes of *Poems;* but concerning his verse Lamb wrote:

> George writes odes where the rhymes, like fashionable man and wife, keep a comfortable distance of six or eight lines apart, and calls that "observing the law of verse." George tells you, before he recites, that you must listen with great attention, or you'll miss the rhyme. I did so, and found them pretty exact.

Dyer also wrote the *History of the University and Colleges of Cambridge*, but the greatest labour of his life was the production of Valpy's Edition of the Classics in 141 volumes, in which all that is original, with the exception of the preface, is from his pen. This work occupied him from 1819 to 1830, and ruined his eyesight.

George Dyer was no misogynist. When he joined Dr. Ryland in a school at Northampton in 1791 he had for a colleague John Clarke, father of Lamb's friend, Charles Cowden Clarke. Dyer fell in love with Dr. Ryland's step-daughter, but Clarke won her. Cowden Clarke relates that when his father died "George Dyer

asked me for a private conference, when he told me of his youthful attachment for my mother and inquired whether her circumstances were comfortable, because, in case, as a widow, she had not been left well off, he meant to offer her his hand. Hearing that in point of money she had no cause for concern, he begged me to keep secret what he had confided to me, and he himself never made further allusion to the subject." This incident alone would merit the appellation which Hazlitt bestowed upon Dyer, when he called him " one of God Almighty's gentlemen." Dyer also once proposed to the widow of Gilbert Wakefield, greatly to her indignation, and she did not forgive him for some time.

The story of his marriage is told by Mrs. A. de Morgan in her *Reminiscences*. The chambers opposite to Dyer were owned by the widow of a solicitor, who had buried three husbands. She watched him going in and out and saw his quite harmless ways, and said, in her Devonshire dialect, she " could not abeare to see the peure gentleman so neglected." He was invited across to tea and given hot cakes and muffins. At one of these entertainments the widow said:

" Yes, Mr. Dyer, you *du* want someone to look after you."

Immediately came the rejoinder:

" Will you be that one? "

" Well, sir, I don't say but what I've thought of it, but you must speak to your friends and let me see them."

The friends saw and approved, for the widow, though illiterate, was open and kind-hearted and sensible, and the marriage accordingly took place at St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street. Shortly after, Lamb wrote to Southey:—

> George Dyer is in the height of an uxorious paradise. His honeymoon will not wane till he wax cold. Never was a more happy pair since Acine and Septimius, and longer.

Mrs. Dyer wrought a striking change in the personal appearance of her husband, who, after his marriage, became as tidy in dress as he was untidy previously.

Mrs. de Morgan, it may be recalled, was a daughter of the Rev. William Frend, of Cambridge, who was the counsellor of George Dyer and S. T. Coleridge, and

influenced the latter towards Unitarianism. To him Lamb addressed the lines:

> Friend of the friendless, friend of all mankind,
> To thy wide friendships I have not been blind;
> But looking at them nearly, in the end
> I love thee most that thou art Dyer's Frend.

After his eyesight began to fail Dyer one day walked into the New River by mistake, on leaving Lamb's cottage at Colebrook Row. Lamb afterwards called it his aquatic excursion. Barry Cornwall thus described his rescue from the river:

> I happened to go to Lamb's house about an hour after his rescue and restoration to dry land, and met Miss Lamb in the passage, in a state of great alarm; she was whimpering, and could only utter "Poor Mr. Dyer! Poor Mr. Dyer!" in tremulous tones. I went upstairs aghast, and found that the involuntary diver had been placed in bed, and that Miss Lamb had administered brandy and water as a well-established preventive against cold. Dyer, unaccustomed to anything stronger than the "crystal spring," was sitting upright in the bed, perfectly delirious. His hair had been rubbed up and stood out like so many needles of iron-grey. He did not (like Falstaff) babble of "green fields," but of the "watery Neptune." "I soon found out where I was," he cried out to me, laughing; and then he went wandering on, his words taking flight into regions where no one could follow.

Lamb describes fully the incident in his essay *Amicus Redivivus*.

Dyer's friends among the great were numerous and he was elected a member of the Chapter House Coffee Club, the resort of many literary men. The last visit Lamb paid in his lifetime was to Dyer, and the last letter he penned was to Mrs. Dyer. No man in London encouraged as much as Dyer did Robert Bloomfield, the author of *The Farmer's Boy*, and he was equally prepared with kind offices for everybody. In spite of his eccentricities he was loved by all.

He passed away on March 2nd, 1841, within a fortnight before his eighty-sixth birthday was due. His widow survived him for twenty years, the death summons coming to her in May, 1861, when she was in her hundred and first year. William Frend had predeceased him on February 21st of the same year, and when the news was made known to Dyer he asked that his remains might be interred by the side of his friend. He had at one time in his mind to write his own life, and, according to Lamb, did write his Autobiography, but the manuscript was lost.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

The Wembley Boxing Match

"Did you go to the fight, Sar'nt?" asked Heddle.

"I did not," replied Sergeant Murphy. "Sure I hate havin' me illusions spoiled. For three weeks I'd been studyin' the life histhory, habits, tastes and tindincies of Bloomfield, and, with the help of the experts of the Press, I knew them better than the taxi-cab tariff within the Boundhary, so that I could dhraw me own conclusions.

"At first me hopes of a thriumph for the English champion rested on the lad's measuremints. But as these began to vary with the different newspapers, I changed me mind and said, 'Timperamint will do the thrick. This splendid combination of the Anglo-Saxon and the Chosen Race will bring back wance more the boxin' laurels to the brow of England, the mother of scrappers.'

"After that I learned of Bloomfield's right-hand punch, and me heart wint up. It goes like this, Heddle.

"I lead, you see. The other man dhrops his guard, and I come over with a short wan that doesn't thravel eight inches, and tin seconds later I'm leanin' carelessly agen the ropes, watchin' a platoon of St. John's Ambulance min and a Harley Sthreet expert administherin' oxygin to me devastated opponent.

"For all that, Heddle, Wimbley did not see my fairy form on this historic occasion. Instead I wint off to Croydon to see an ould frind of the Army days, and that night, as usual, me boxin' hopes were shattered be the cruel result—though I'll give Bloomfield the credit of lastin' two rounds and a half longer than is the thradition with our heavyweights. I hope the walkin' delegate of the Boxers' Union wasn't present. There'd be throuble if he was."

"Bloomfield's gettin' jolly well paid for a few minutes' scrapping," remarked Heddle.

"And why not?" asked the Sergeant. "Look at what he has gone through. For weeks past the lad has had to give up the luxuries to which he has become accustomed,

to spind six hours a day in harsh thrainin', and as many more in interviews. All this time foxthrots, polo, and mad-john have been denied him, and the special supply of caviare and Mumm Exthra Dhry have been locked up out of his reach. His private waiter at the Ritz has gone stiff through want of exercise, and his iligant manicurist has given way to a horse-faced masseur with a hand like a ham that pounds the lad's dorsal ribs in the cruellest fashion.

"That was all right in the days whin two min would knock the features off wan another for a five-pound note. But boxin' is now a profission that atthracts the cream of England's youth, and would atthract more if it weren't for the hideous necessity of entherin' the ring wance a year.

"So whin Bloomfield dhraws his six thousand pounds, or whatever it is, don't fail to think of what the lad has gone through, and don't begrudge him his little honorarium.

"I had to talk like that to Stowers, the fellah I wint to see at Croydon. He was remarkin' how easy some people earned their money, and though I soldiered with him and like him, I had to tell him the bare truth.

"'Stowers,' says I, 'you're invious of thim in high station, instead of givin' thanks for the blessin's that are yours. You have three pounds tin a week, you have a wife and five childhren, you have healthy exercise daily with a wheelbarrow, if it isn't a crowbar, you're fit and well, except for the twinges from the odd bits of shrapnel that you've kept as war souvenirs in odd parts of your body. What more do you want? Lave boxin' to your betters and be contint.'

"Between ourselves, Heddle, Stowers is plain evidince of the terrible restlessness and discontint of the day. He'd like to be a heavyweight boxer but can't see that he lacks the graces and refinemints of the British type. Why, he'd be a laughin'-stock if he thried to dance the Blues, and a mule knows more about the proper spats to wear at a comin'-of-age or a jazz tea. He's a big, sthrong, active lad, and as bould as a lion, but he'd be blackballed at the National Sportin' Club the first time of askin'.

"Some day, Heddle, I'll tell you how he held up a German attack at Zillebeke for half an hour with a machine gun. Why, he was as near as dammit to gettin' a pinsion of four bob a week!"

Anticipation

By Madeleine Lucette Ryley

With fervent hope and sanguine expectation
We cast our stake into the game called Life.
Nor take alarm at others' perturbation,
For each aspires to conquer threatened strife.
Who gains instruction from another's folly?
Could we surrounded be by guardian elves
'Twould only cause us pangs of melancholy;
For all must learn the lesson for themselves.
Yea, willy nilly,
All would learn the lesson for themselves.

The seared child will fear the glowing embers,
While yet the one who views the sorry sight
Will bear the pain with ease, nor yet remembers
Aught of the fire, except its brilliant light.
Who rivets chains of steel upon his manger
In comment on his neighbour's stolen steed?
Who garners prudence from another's danger?
Who profits without price? Ah! who, indeed?
Nay, willy nilly,
None profits without price. No, none indeed.

Vision

By Ethel Archer

A sound of soft caressing and the plash
Of little lapping waves about the prow
Woke him from slumber. In the farthest East
The sun had risen, and the new-born day
Resplendent from her couch of gold and pearl
Bent smiling o'er him. In her azure eyes
Were dreams of heaven, and all things wonderful
Were mirrored in her gaze; and as she looked
A Royal city rose from out the sea,
Gleaming like crystal, and the golden light
Spread over all a wondrous peace and warmth,
And yet no sound,
But silence as of music manifold.
She led him to the footsteps of the Throne,
All lesser things were banished from his sight,
The Light that never was on land or sea
Enveloped them.

Regret

By Isabel Shaw

A LONG wet stretch of sand,
And pools which moonlight fills
With silver light, and far away,
A radiance on the hills.
A boat, forsaken, lies
Lone on the darkling shore,
Upon the lit and silent sea
To sail again no more.

* * * * *

Ah me! Why must I look
With sorrow on the scene,
And stand forsaken too, and think
Of all that might have been?

A Chinese Screen

By E. Hamilton Moore

A COURTYARD, grey, with bulging balconies,
Wrung, weathered, warped, wistaria's knotted limbs
Enfold, and purple pageantries festoon.

Peach-blossom, drifted in a petalled swoon,
Fretting a basin where a goldfish swims,
Dull heritor of listless apathies.

Gold gateways guarding pillared porphyries,
And lacquered gods the flattering craftsman limns
Even distributors of bale and boon.

A princess, pensive as the crescent moon
When cloudy night her sky o'er-canopies
And not one star her silver taper trims.

Ah me, what grief her lotus-visage dims?
"Away the lute, away the cithern's tune,
Smooth turkiss, tranquil smiling ivories!

"Lonely I languish, being only his
Who loved and left me, as a swallow skims,
With fickle wing, the fountain's dreamless noon,

"Then comes no more, no more! And winter brims
With rippled tears her wistful reveries."

One of Our Conquerors

By Albert Kinross

THE other day it was my privilege to meet Ethel T——, who is a very distinguished lady, at Victoria Station, pass her through the Customs, escort her and her baggage to Paddington, where we had two hours' tea and chatter, and, finally, to see her into the 6.30 train which would take her to the station which is only a short two miles from her country cottage. It sounds rather like "the house that Jack built," when I come to think of it. But Ethel T—— is one of the dearest of my oldest friends, and, as I have remarked before, a very distinguished woman; though some people might regard her as "a maiden lady of uncertain age."

Now there are three kinds of maiden ladies, as there are three kinds of bachelors. There is the maiden lady with a niece or nephew; or, at least, you are so given to understand. These are often very jolly creatures, hard at work and earning a good living. You find them sometimes in the theatre, or in journalism, or in the teaching professions, where they are usually more successful than another kind of old maid whose chief asset seems to be what Americans call "a perpetual grouch." This latter kind is frequently to the fore in "uplift" movements, or in any job where she can deprive the recalcitrant and unappreciative male of his beer, his tobacco, and other foibles. Personally, I avoid her as I would a fell disease. But there is one glorious kind of old maid whose children are her books, her paintings, or her friends, and Ethel T—— belongs to this remarkable species.

She was newly arrived from Spain, so we had to go through the Customs, and as I stood waiting for the Customs to begin their dark and devious operations, who should accost me but a second old friend, disguised as a railway porter, and difficult at first to recognise?

"Don't you remember me, sir?" he began.

I shook my head, though I tried hard.

"Williams," said he, "I was with you at Karamudli."

"Of course—of course," said I. "It's the khaki and now *this* uniform."

Karamudli is in Macedonia, not far from Lake Doiran; and Williams and I had been friends there, and bathed in the same waters, and looked after the same mules, and done all sorts of queer things together. Here was one of my old "drivers" come to life again as a railway porter. War has its compensations—even this war.

With the arrival of Williams we were on velvet. The baggage went through the Customs like greased lightning; thence to a taxi; and presently we had shaken hands with Williams and were on the way to Paddington.

I told Miss T—— how Williams had lost his overcoat; how Williams had traded with the local riff-raff: his invariable formula was, "Oh, shut up!" and, waving a number ten size fist, he would depart with whatever merchandise he fancied, purchased at a fair price fixed by himself. For he was apt to grow impatient with the Salonica bargain-counters, where the custom is to bargain by the hour and in dead earnest. He lost his overcoat under very peculiar circumstances. He had taken it off on account of the mid-day warmth; it lay gracefully in the sun outside his "bivvy," and a bomb dropped on it out of the high heavens and blew it to smithereens. He never quite got over this tragic event; for "I might have been inside of it myself," he used to say.

Williams and the doings of Williams and Miss T——'s own adventures in the shining South whence she was just returned filled up our voyage to Paddington; and over the tea-things in the restaurant I gave an account of my own wintry doings.

About certain matters we laughed till our sides ached; about others I daresay we only smiled. But I don't think we wept at all—no, not even at parting. Her train went out and left me standing on the platform. I had an engagement for dinner and bridge; but there was no immediate hurry. And so I walked the dingy streets of Paddington till I arrived at the magic bookshop; for it was just like the bookshop one might read of in a fairy tale, and luckily I had the leisure to explore it.

ONE OF OUR CONQUERORS

The street was a dirty street, full of dirty lodging-houses, where passengers who arrived at Paddington might find cheap beds and, no doubt, specimens of the local *fauna*. But there were a few shops as well where you could buy second-hand clothes and trunks and suit-cases, or a brand new tooth-brush and a tube of paste. I disregarded these till I came to the magical shop; and I stopped there because I saw *Puck of Pook's Hill* in the window, and half a dozen Merediths in the old blue binding wherein I had first read him. Imprint, Chapman and Hall. Now it is Constable, where "Willie" Meredith, the poet's son, is a partner.

Yet even then I wouldn't have gone inside had it not been for *One of Our Conquerors*, which has always conquered me, though I know, with one lobe of my brain, that no poet has the right to be so difficult, while with the other lobe I am flattered and appeased. My confounded vanity, I suppose! For not only have I read every word of that amazing book, but, really and truly, I believe that I enjoyed it. I felt like trying it again. And at this point may I be allowed a reminiscence, which the editor can cut out if he feels surgical, or leave in if he feels like an indulgent father.

Many years ago—in 1904, to be precise—I was what is called a "sub-editor" on a daily newspaper. Being a Northcliffe newspaper—we called him "Harmsworth" in those days—I was very well paid, but liable to be fired (with three months' salary in my pocket if I could stand my ground) at a moment's notice. My job was to write up the chief "news story" of the day, duly furnished me in the rough by industrious, honest, and hard-working reporters. Needless to say, I was none of these things. Every now and then, when I felt specially tempted, I was allowed to do the reporting as well as the "write-up." Over the week-ends I disappeared. The main duty of a writer is to keep himself as fit as a Paddington flea; and so off to the country I went as soon as we closed down on Fridays. It might be at midnight or something similar; but there would be a bed awaiting me at the other end, clean air, and I'd wake up miles and miles from Fleet Street. I could walk and do as I jolly well pleased till the Sunday evening.

On one such week-end I landed at the Swan at Leatherhead, slept most of the clock round, and, making for Box Hill, ran into Meredith. I had met him once before at an immense tea-party, and, as he was quite sufficiently bored already, had kept out of his way. But it was good fun looking on. However, this spring morning I had him entirely to myself. We were in an empty lane, he in his bath-chair, attended, as usual, by his faithful servant. I raised my cap to him and he returned my salutation. I think, being much alone, he was glad of some distraction. He loved people and he loved the centre of the stage, which was his without question, in almost any company. For he was the greatest talker of his age. Everybody who knew him is agreed on that. A little time before I had spent the day with Watts, the painter. He, too, was a giant; but in George Meredith there was something dæmonic which I have never seen equalled. If ever there was a superman, his surname was Meredith.

He talked to me till we reached his cottage gate, where I reluctantly departed and climbed Box Hill. He talked about many things, but chiefly about Austria. I had been there, and he had written immortally about the place. See *The Amazing Marriage* and elsewhere. His conversation was like his books, but, being alive and animated by his peculiar genius, was better, far better. He had the most beautiful head I have ever seen on mortal man, especially when seen in profile. For one side of his face was slightly twisted by a "stroke." As a beautiful woman might contrive, he saw that you got the right side. Well, that was a day!

On the Sunday evening I arrived back in Fleet Street, and I said to my editor, Hamilton Fyfe, "I am not going to write any drivel to-night; I am going to write about George Meredith. I've been having a chat with him."

Luckily for me, Hamilton Fyfe had heard of Meredith, and so he let me have my way. A line-draughtsman drew a picture of the poet in his chair, with a recognisable donkey between the shafts and the faithful valet in attendance. We filled half a page between us, and I had a very pleasant evening's work instead of a

dull one. Now I must get back again to that dingy street near Paddington where I was arrested by the unexpected sight of *Puck of Pook's Hill* in a bookseller's window, together with a row of dark blue Merediths.

I entered the shop in the casual way one enters a second-hand bookseller's. There was nobody within but Shelley's double. He was just like Shelley before the Fall. You see there had been a war, and so his personal and other views had rather been swamped and dissipated and made to look of small account. And the things that so worried Shelley at nineteen have mostly been put right. Shelley could go to Oxford now and stay there and look at his own monument and dine at the Vice-Chancellor's table and go to tea-fights on Boar's Hill. His double, however, did none of these things. He rose from a chair, put his book aside, and waited.

"May I have a look round?" I asked.

"Of course."

He understood.

I explored the shop and found it full of things I wanted but dared not buy. It wasn't so much the money as the time which frightened me. But I could buy my own immortal works and waste no time over them; and so I asked young Shelley if he had any books by me.

"No," he said.

And yet, as he spoke, I saw my own name glaring at me from a bookshelf.

"Yes, you have," I answered, and I took down the book and paid for it. And next, "You see I haven't published anything since the war, and everything I wrote before the war is out of print and so I have to buy 'em like this."

It was my sole excuse. But most mothers will understand why I am perpetually buying "poor things"; for are they not "mine own"?

Young Shelley understood as well; and he also understood when, pulling out *One of Our Conquerors* from its place in the window, I hesitated. The price was only four shillings; but it wasn't that. The book is superlatively "difficult"; but it wasn't that.

"If I buy it now," I said, "I shall lose three working days, and I can't afford it."

He understood my cry of anguish.

He had read all those Merediths—and he was barely nineteen! And then he went on to Kipling and Conrad and Hardy and the older Shelley. He knew all about them. Till at last: "You know who I am," I cried; "who are you?"

Of course I didn't put it quite so bluntly.

Sometimes London seems to me a madhouse; and sometimes I laugh at it; and sometimes I weep over it—about once in a blue moon. But sometimes its dingiest streets are thronged with beauty, and I kneel, thankful that I was born in such a place. One such moment was on me now.

This boy told me all about himself.

His father was killed in the war; his elder brother was killed in the war; and he himself was at school. He had had to leave school. Schools are expensive. There was little or no money; but there was his father's library and his brother's books and his own books, and a friend's books. All these books were put together and this little shop in a dingy street was stocked with them. And the boy sits inside and buys and sells and loves the wonder and the strength of them.

"Do you make a living?" I asked.

"Just. You see so many people come and go. It's lucky I'm near a big station."

And now that I have put this matter down, I think I've earned the right to go back to that lovely street and buy *One of Our Conquerors*.

A Voyage to Brazil

By Arthur Mills

(*Author of "The Yellow Dragon"*)

THE voyage to Brazil is one of the most delightful travel experiences in the world. Southampton on a raw January day, Cherbourg shrouded in dismal mist, the Bay of Biscay in most unfriendly mood, all are forgotten on a morning when we wake to blue skies and sunlight and find the R.M.S.P. *Arlanza* at anchor in the Tagus.

We have already nearly our complement of first-class passengers, but at Vigo and Lisbon many steerage passengers embark. They are the sons of Spain and Portugal, with their wives, daughters, parcels of oranges, bits of baggage, and—though they have nothing else—most certainly their deck-chairs. All are bound for the Latin Eldorado, be it Argentina, Uruguay, or Brazil, where by manual labour a man may earn in a few months as much as he could make in the same number of years in his own country. *Golondrinas* (swallows) is the local word for these emigrants, many of whom cross over solely for the harvest, returning to their own country each year to spend the money they have made.

An addition to the first class are some olive-skinned gentlemen and dark-eyed, beautifully dressed women, whose luggage is carried to the cabins *de luxe* on the promenade deck. They are South American *estancieros*, owning lands so vast that they themselves hardly know their extent; they have been over to Europe, spent their money royally, and are now returning to the source of their wealth.

Thirty-six hours more and Madeira's mountains, bathed in sunlight and brushed by foam-white cloud, rise from the sea. We land, eager to explore the pretty town of Funchal and stretch our legs. Everywhere are palms, bananas, an orange-coloured flower like a giant honeysuckle, and glorious crimson poinsettias in full bloom.

At sunset we sail, our course pointing ever southward on an unbroken three-thousand-mile journey across sun-kissed, star-lit seas.

Night falls; dinner is over; the band has finished; but none want to go to bed. Not the *golondrinas* sprawling over every available inch of deck space in the bows, nor the millionaire *estanciero* smoking a cigar outside his cabin; nor his lovely daughter, chin poised on slender hand, leaning over the starboard rail; nor the young Spaniard who paces up and down behind; for, above, soft-lit stars shine in the velvet sky and from across the water a gentle wind caresses our cheeks—the first warm, magic breath of the tropics.

Soon we catch the trade winds, and as the *Arlanza* glides onward the ship settles down in friendly fashion; deck tennis, bull board, quoits, dancing on deck, in the smoking room the convivial rattle of dice. And then one morning we wake to a cloud-hung, airless world; at intervals heavy rain falls into the oily sea; everything is damp, seats, decks, cabins; meals lose their relish; folk lie limply in their chairs; the band plays jadedly; we are in the doldrums.

But these airless calms, the bane of mariners in the old sailing days, have no terrors for a modern, triple screw, 15,000-ton liner. The *Arlanza* makes light of the doldrums, and, crossing the equator, picks up the trades once more just as she passes the lonely little island Fernando Noronho.

Two more days and we come to Pernambuco. Some say Pernambuco means "city beautiful," others that the name is derived from an old Indian word meaning Mouth of Hell. Once, anyway, yellow fever and bubonic plague made the town a death-trap; these diseases in epidemic form have now been stamped out.

There are three parts of Pernambuco: Olinda, standing on a promontory built by Portuguese monks at the end of the sixteenth century and possessing many quaint old ruined churches and monasteries; Recefe, developed by the more practical Dutch, at the mouth of the river; and further inland a residential quarter. All of the 20,000 inhabitants are more or less connected with the export of sugar.

Owing to a heavy permanent ground swell, embarking and disembarking at Pernambuco is something of an adventure, and native traders are swung between the ship and flat-bottomed rafts in a wicker cage.

Around the ship, always optimistic that one day the rope holding the wicker cage will break, swim dozens of sharks. They are of the deadly ground breed that can take their prey without turning on their belly. The Pernambuco authorities have offered ten millreis for every shark captured, which the sharks appear to know, for they disdain tempting bits of pork suspended on hooks over the *Arlanza's* bows.

Another twenty-four hours down the coral-reefed coast brings the *Arlanza* to Bahia.

Bahia, third most important city in the republic, lies round a tree-clad point in a broad blue bay. We stay long enough only to take in a cargo of cocoa, what time we lean over the ship's side, watching the bum-boats with their cargoes of birds, tiny golden-coloured monkeys, mangoes, pineapples, and parrots of brilliant green, then on down to Rio.

Now the immensity of Brazil begins to impress us as we pass down the three thousand miles of coast. This country, which is more than twice the size of India, and for the most part still unexplored, radiates from her jungle-clad shores an air of greatness. We notice, too, some of us with surprise, that Brazilians are a coloured race. The evidence is on all sides. The porters on the quays, the passengers who join the *Arlanza* at Bahia or Pernambuco —all of them, from coffee magnates to bum-boat men, are coloured.

They are the aftermath of the one and a quarter millions of negro slaves who were transported from Africa to Brazil between 1825 and 1850, and who intermarried freely with the Portuguese colonists, making the present Brazilian race.

However, the European who lands in Brazil with the ideas that are apt to possess him in the East will find he has made a big mistake. The Braziliero will not stand being treated like a nigger. He is a kindly fellow, possessing many good qualities, no great love of work, and a passion for politics. But though he prefers to marry

someone lighter coloured than himself, he recognises no social distinction of colour line and resents it if anyone else does.

Much has been written about Rio de Janeiro, and here shall be only a word about the approach to the most beautiful harbour in the world. This experience alone is worth the 5,000-mile sea journey. The *Arlanza* enters at dawn. The sun, just risen, lights with gold the sides of half a score of islands; low on the horizon strips of blue sky interlace pale saffron clouds; while to starboard, above a belt of white cloud, the dark peaks of mountains show.

The ship makes her way between two little emerald-green islands, skirts a sand-girt shore half veiled by low-lying mauve-tinged clouds, and heads into the heart of the dark mountains. We seem to be entering fairyland.

Suddenly the mist lifts and we find ourselves in the great bay, with the town of Rio stretching along the water-side in front of us.

A costly town is Rio. Twelve million pounds were spent in rebuilding it, exclusive of the cost of subsequent improvements. The result is a city of spacious avenues, green squares, and superb thoroughfares such as the Aveneda Rio Branco or the four mile Aveneda Beira Mar.

Rio is something of an enigma. Lit always regardless of expense, stocked with the finest jewels and latest Paris frocks, one wonders—knowing that the country's credit is not very good—how people spend so lavishly. But the Braziliero likes to have the best, and a Government or storekeeper who stinted him of electric light, marble halls, pearls, and costly clothes would not remain long in being.

On Old Age

Cicero and Others

By Margaret Wynne Nevinson, J.P., L.L.A.

THE study of Cicero's essay *De Senectute* is almost entirely confined to schoolboys, generations of whom must have painfully spelt out its wisdom and learning with a bored lack of comprehension. To read it later in life is uplifting and consoling; since Cicero's day few writers have taken the trouble to analyse so carefully its sorrows and compensations, although—unless, beloved of the gods, we die young—we must all face the evil days in their loneliness and terror. Cicero himself, like a good advocate making the best of a bad case, probably wrote this essay to hearten himself to face the enemy, though, like many prominent men of that date, he had hardly time to experience the worst evils of old age, as he died a violent death at sixty-three.

He put his reflections into the mouth of that old die-hard Cato Major, at the age of eighty-four, with his eternal *Delenda est Carthago* and his fierce, narrow patriotism.

The four chief reasons why old age should be considered miserable are:—

1. Because it calls us away from active work.
2. Because it renders the body more feeble.
3. Because it deprives us of almost all pleasures.
4. Because it is not very far from death.

These four reasons are undoubtedly true and good enough to make the average person dread the approach of senescence, but Cicero proceeds to argue that none of them is of the least importance, and tells us he finds so much pleasure in the writing of this essay that he forgets the burden of age which some have called heavier than Ætna.

Cato (or Cicero) tells us, what most of us find out early in life, that decay sets in upon us before we have reached our prime. We hardly drop the rocking-horse or the scooter of our childhood before we discover that the strenuous

joys of football and hard rowing are too much for us; "Rugger," that fascinating sport of early youth, becomes often a dangerous anachronism to a man of twenty-five. To many of us in England nothing in life is so bitter as to find ourselves cut off by the infirmities of age from the passionate delights of riding, swimming, skating, cycling, flying, mountaineering, in fact from the joys of all swift motion, and the strange passion of our race for hitting and kicking balls about. Sometimes our powers of wind and limb will last us well into years, but sooner or later most of us have to fall back upon golf or motoring if we can afford them.

In the enervating climate of the South the Romans cared little for active sports, indeed, few of our modern joys were known to or practised by them, and Cato cared little about the failure of his bodily strength, but rejoices in his intellectual powers and the great authority given to an honoured old age. Like a pilot he sits at the helm in the stern at his ease watching the crew at work, as a trusted politician he counsels wars or peace, he will never sheath the sword against Carthage, and, being a strong anti-feminist, he boasts he supported the Voconian Law (which forbade women to hold property) with powerful voice and unimpaired lungs at the age of sixty-five. Like a first-class prig he boasts of his temperance, his virtuous life, his good health, his unimpaired memory, his industry, his high position in the College of Augurs, where he, as the senior member, takes precedence of all others, and this position of authority he finds sweeter than all the pleasures of youth.

Cato died before a modern pronounced the dictum: "There is no such thing as a fine old man; were there any fineness in his nature, his head or his heart would have worn him out long ago."

Nor did Cato live to learn the meaning of "Beaver," or to see the drawings and read the bitter poems of young soldiers in the Great War directed against the old men, the first time, apparently, that age has been attacked in art and literature.

Probably in sunny Italy old age in those simple times was lightened of half its terrors, the coughs, bronchitis, asthma and rheumatism which torture us in the fogs and

rigours of a northern climate are not mentioned by Cato; later we are told that both Virgil and Seneca suffered from asthma, and a cold in the head was a cause of divorce in Juvenal's day; but Roman luxury had rapidly increased then under the Empire, and soft living and the enervating use of the baths had possibly undermined the iron constitution of an older generation.

Cato warns us against the discontent and querulousness of increasing years, but admits that old age is hard to bear in poverty even by the wise man, and must be burdensome to a foolish one even in the greatest plenty. The vice of miserliness he especially contemns:—

Potest enim quidquam absurdius, quam quo minus viae restat, eo plus viatici quaerere.

For can anything be more absurd than, in proportion as less of our journey remains, to seek a greater supply of provisions?

Cato is very definite in his scorn of the third charge against old age that it is without pleasures; on the contrary, he regards it as a glorious privilege to be free from one of the greatest defects in youth, for in the realm of pleasure virtue cannot exist, and too great an orgy of the senses extinguishes the light of the soul.

Sophocles, at an advanced age, being asked if he still took pleasure in the joys of love, replied:

The gods forbid! nay, indeed, I have run away from them with gladness as from a wild and fierce tyrant.

Dii meliora! libenter vero istinc tamquam a domino agresti ac furioso profugi.

Old men, being free from the desire of wine or feasting, are no longer cursed with drunkenness, indigestion and sleeplessness; the urge of the passions ceases to torment us, and the soul, having served out its time of lust, ambition, quarrels and desires, shall retire within itself and live with itself.

Freedom from desire is more pleasant than enjoyment, and Cato finds the joys of conversation, of study, of learning and oratory far greater than the pleasures of banquets, plays and harlotry.

The joys of a land-owner especially delight the aged, and very beautiful is the account of rural life in Italy, the description of agriculture, the fertilisation and irrigation of the land, the feeding and rearing of cattle and farm

stock, the beauty of the trees and cornfields, the cultivation of the vine, the orchards and flowers, and the joys of a well-stocked farm with its rich stores of corn, wine and oil, cheese, milk and honey.

Planting and digging are hard work for the aged, especially in a hot country, but the Romans had abundant slave-labour, of which doubtless Cato availed himself abundantly.

The fourth reason, which frequently causes us the most distress, is the near approach of death, which cannot be far distant from old age. This to wise men ought to be a matter of indifference, and we ought to hail its approach with delight.

Quasi terram videre videar aliquando in portum ex longa navigatione esse venturus.

I seem, as it were, to be getting sight of land, and at length after a long voyage to be just coming into harbour.

This indifference to death frequently causes the aged to be bolder and more reckless than the young; the short remnant of life left to us does not much matter, and is neither to be eagerly coveted nor lightly thrown away; for Pythagoras (and later Plato) forbids us "to abandon the station or post of life without the orders of our Commander, that is of God." The latter part of this essay is pure Platonism; Cicero quotes the *reminisci et recordari* of Meno, the emanations of the Divine Idea, "the trailing clouds of glory," which makes learning so easy to many of us because it is only the recollections of the heaven-born soul of man degraded from its dwelling-place to be shut up for a time in the prison house of the body.

"From this life I shall depart as from a lodging-house and not from a home, for Nature has assigned it to us as an inn, but not as a continuing habitation." With St. Paul he recognised that "here we have no continuing city."

O! glorious day when I shall depart to that glorious company of the Spirits of the Blest and quit this foul and turbulent scene.

Cato rejoices in the prospect of meeting the great philosophers he has quoted, and especially in the near reunion with his beloved son Cato, comforting himself with the thought that the time of his departure is near at hand.

Neither the fear of purgatory nor hell troubled Cato,

nor had Virgil yet written his account of Tartarus, where each soul suffered its own punishment (*quisque suos patimur manes*) and the sins of life were drastically purged by cleansing floods and raging winds, as well as by fire.

After death I shall either not be miserable or be happy, and if I am wrong in believing the souls of men to be immortal, I prefer to delude myself; and if when dead I shall be without consciousness, as some inferior philosophers assert (*minuti philosophi*), at least these dead philosophers will not be able to mock at this my delusion.

And so on this high note of almost Christian serenity, in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection, Cicero concludes his essay. Few writers have written on old age, perhaps Cicero left them little more to say; Bacon has a short essay (mostly taken from *De Senectute*); and Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, speaks in frank horror of the disabilities and sufferings of the aged; Oliver Wendell Holmes has an amusing parody of Cicero in his *Autocrat of the Breakfast-table*, and Emerson a treatise based also on the old Roman.

Matthew Arnold has a poem of dread (although as he died of jumping over a garden-seat at sixty-three he need not have worried), and Llywarch Hen a passionate burst of Celtic revolt against the ills and humiliations of age, addressed to his crutch:

O my crutch, is it not the first day of May? The furrows, are they not shining; the young corn, is it not springing? Ah, the sight of thy handle makes me wroth. O my crutch! stand straight, thou wilt support me better; it is very long since I was Llywarch.

Behold old age, which makes sport of me, from the hair of my head to my teeth, to my eyes, which women loved.

The four things I have all my life most hated fall upon me together—coughing and old age, sickness and sorrow.

The late Mr. Frederic Harrison's interesting book, *De Senectute*, appeared last year, himself a far greater expert in the art of longevity than any of the ancients.

In all the history of the literature of old age the voice of woman has apparently gone down to the grave in silence, and yet age is much more dreaded by women than men, especially by the beautiful. Villon and Béranger have written some sympathetic, if somewhat ribald, verses on the subject, and lately a great contemporary artist has analysed with much skill the agonies of a vital and once beautiful woman in the toils of a "December love."

Leonard Merrick has also a fine story of a beautiful woman restored to youth by a species of Catholic witchcraft in Brittany, only to find that the admiration of men bored and wearied her.

But perhaps in her latest novel, *Black Oxen*, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has been the real pioneer of her sex, and has painted in grim colours, with true psychological insight, the mental agony at the loss of beauty, which will drive a woman to unknown risks in order, by strange scientific methods, to recover the vanished charms of youth. Unfortunately, the wounds of the soul and the cynicism and disillusions of age cannot be healed, even with monkey-gland or "endocrination" (whatever the process may be), and the beautiful American-born Countess from Vienna, after a brief spell of imagined passion for a New York young man, is told by a former lover how ludicrous and "unæsthetic" is her position, and made to realise, in spite of her juvenile appearance, the madness and indecency of marriage at fifty-eight with a man over twenty years her junior; only the joys of power and politics can remain hers.

In *December Love* we have a picture of the old woman, a great lady, still young in mind and heart in spite of her withered beauty, with an unpleasant habit of falling in love with young men; in *Black Oxen* the old woman with a body miraculously made young again, with trains of lovers, sons almost grandsons of her contemporaries, but wearied and disillusioned, mocked at by young girls, despised by her own generation, and even by former adorers. Which story best shows us the truth of the silent agonies of women readers may judge for themselves.

Vive le Sport!

By Kamasu

NATIVE ideas of sport are rather amusing.

Yesterday I shot two guinea hen, firing, I think, five cartridges. I heard the shooting-boy telling the cook of this and his scorn was large. One cartridge, one bird, or one "beef" (any animal from a flea to a crocodile is a "beef"), is the native rule. Thus a native will sit for hours in a rice-field until a luckless partridge shows itself: he waits till it is stationary, then fills it with lead and returns rejoicing, or again he finds fresh tracks of a duiker, sits down and calls it, imitating the bleat of a young ewe. Most of these duiker have very bad sight, and the gallant hunter can generally get a shot at about four yards; it is doubtful whether he would take a longer shot.

Other races, too, have strange ideas about hunting. I was once invited to take part in a hunt for a lion which had devoured three pigs in a small town in Central Africa. The hunting party consisted of a Greek, two Portuguese, a Hottentot, and the Belgian postmaster. I refused the invitation for obvious reasons. The casualties, however, were not so heavy as might have been expected: only the Greek was shot and he not mortally.

Another shooting party which I did not join emanated from a steamer moored to a bank of that great river, the Congo.

The same postmaster, a *chef de poste*, and the Minister of Agriculture, all attired like May queens and surrounded by hordes of *askaris* and servants, stepped daintily on to the bank and disappeared. Half an hour later the postmaster returned entirely alone and covered with black mud. "Je n'aime pas la chasse," he said briefly, "c'est trop fatiguant." About an hour later the wife of the Minister of Agriculture was heard to cry:

"Ah, Mon Dieu, c'est épatant!" This exclamation

was called forth by the appearance of her husband on the bank minus his boots and his pince-nez. He also seemed to have little use for *la chasse*. But the *chef de poste* retrieved the day. He and his retinue returned with a dead lechwe. It seems the *chef de poste* had wounded the animal and had gone up to administer the *coupe-de-grâce* when it arose and savagely attacked him. Without losing his nerve for a moment he beat it furiously over the head with his rifle, breaking the stock in half, and hissing, "Ah, assassin!" This incident established firmly the reputation of the lechwe for vindictive ferocity.

Another remarkable sight was witnessed on that steamer as we passed through a district of wide, rolling plains and discerned a troop of elephants some 2-3,000 yards away. A perfect fusillade opened from the bridge which the elephants steadily refused to recognise by the slightest sign.

"Ah," said a sardonic Afrikander to the *chef de poste*, "good shot! I distinctly saw his ear move."

"It is my telescopic sight," shouted the other, waving his rifle while we rushed for cover. "It is marvellous!"

Ah, that steamer! The captain, a lethargic Swede, seemed to be always a day behind in his mind, and quite unable to keep up with passing events. His English and French were very weak, and he disguised this—or tried to—by answering every question in the affirmative. Thus:

"Have you a spare cabin, captain?"

"Yes, yes, oh yes," in a slow roar.

"Which one?"

"Yes—oh yes, that one, yes."

"But which one?"

Frightful effort on the part of the captain, "Oh, cabin, eh? Oh yes, all right, yes."

"Well, shall I go and take it?"

This would defeat him entirely, and he would pretend to be busy over something, and drown protest in a bovine lowing for the engineer.

He offered to feed passengers for ten francs a day per head, an offer very rashly taken advantage of by us. The first meal was dinner, and at 6 p.m. we observed with a sinking heart a vehemently protesting goat dragged on

shore by a savage who slew it before our eyes with a small table knife. An hour later we were trying in vain to make an impression on blood-stained chunks of meat which would have proved impervious to shrapnel. An almost naked negro leant heavily on us as he passed a plate of soapy potatoes, and the tablecloth consisted of a number of dubious dishcloths fastened together by pins. But why enlarge on the captain's dreadful culinary *régime?* The only passengers undefeated were an American missionary and his wife, an old Dutch *vrouw*, who were on their way to British East Africa *viâ* the Congo. Nothing disturbed the serenity of this lady: when her husband, a man of hearty appetite, laid down his knife and fork with a tragic sigh and a reproachful look at the victorious goat-meat, she rose and dug out from her kit a mincing machine, which she there and then clamped to the dinner table, and thrust the rubber-like chunks of meat into it with her own fair hands, rallying the other passengers on their daintiness the while. She was certainly designed by nature for travelling in Africa, for she could produce food from the most unlikely places at the shortest notice, in which she was materially assisted by her spouse, who was troubled by no false shame in asking for things. I cherish a memory—a little vignette as it were—of the two of them sitting beside the railway track at Railhead, discussing plates of steak and eggs with every appearance of satisfaction, and quaffing cups of steaming cocoa. Where she conjured all this sustenance from before the sun had broken through the morning mists, I have no idea; it was only after several famished hours that we were able to obtain a far less adequate meal.

In a land of hardships one can very often mark one's route afterwards by the memory of certain meals. The camp, for instance, where we lived on eland steaks and sweet biscuits for three days. The trader's stores where we were given fresh eggs. The canoe journey, when the tea ran out, and, worse still, the tobacco.

The fish-curer's place where we had a petrified German sausage that could not be cut but had to be sawn. We could have had there as much fish as we wanted, but the place was so redolent of fish that we absorbed it through the pores of our skin and felt no other need of it. The

fish-curer—a man of enterprise—had two large *bandas*, or *bavis* as we call them on the west coast, in which hung in a saline dimness the forms of thousands of gutted and quartered fish: fish of all kinds, of weird shapes, uncanny fish, fish with flashing eyes; and twice a day canoes came with more and more fish, until the surrounding vegetation was coated with scales. All this fish when salted went down to the copper mines and fetched high prices. But a thousand francs per fish would not, in my opinion, have compensated for the appalling life of that fish-curer, of which an utter blank solitude was the very least of evils. Mosquitoes! I thought I had had some experience of them before, but these were worse than any nightmare conception. A belt of papyrus swamp about a quarter of a mile wide fringed the shore, and through this a narrow channel—only wide enough for a big canoe—took one into the open river. If the mosquitoes were so bad up at the fish-curer's house that he had to keep roaring fires up all round at night, when we got down to the papyrus they beggared description. When one sniffed they went in droves up one's nostrils: they filled one's hair: they bit so that one's skin was one mass of inflammation: they could pierce Calvin cord riding breeches. Native children of the kraal died in scores from anæmia caused by their attacks. But apart from their bites it was sufficiently nauseating to be covered from head to foot by the insects, and to have them so dense on one's mosquito net that they actually kept out the air! I shall not soon forget the night we went through that channel to reach the steamer moored in the river. It was midnight when we got on board, and as there was no passenger accommodation we rigged up our beds on deck amid boxes, chains, ropes, and snoring niggers, and hoped for the dawn, while the piping of the mosquitoes, the stridulation of the grasshoppers, and the roar of the frogs rose deafeningly to the cold heavens. In Africa the extremes of beauty and ugliness stalk hand in hand. Dawn comes up on the Congo with a roll of drums, a pageant of painted banners and shining armour, "Full many a glorious morning have I seen Flatter the mountain tops with sovran eye," but never anything like that I witnessed from the deck of the stern-wheeler as I sat pyjama clad

on a coil of rope. Nor will I attempt to describe it: it was too beautiful, too mysterious—a happy embodiment of the joy that cometh in the morning.

Africa has no literature. The traveller in other lands has at his elbow, as it were, Omar and the *Song of Solomon*, the Tuscan and the Grecian poets; he sails in blue seas that gave the triremes greeting, and drinks at wells that refreshed the shepherds of Theocritus and the kings of Israel. But the past of Africa is a blank; its history is that of the leopard and the ape; and the rising sun looks over thousands of leagues of country, from which the deeds of men unwritten are sponged as from a slate.

A country of furious effort. What will the Britisher not do in the pursuit of sport? And what pleasure is there to compare with successful hunting? It is a fever in the blood as fervent as wine, women, or gambling: and the greater the struggle, the greater the prize. And here I must discriminate between the hunter and the shooter, for the latter I do not include among the true votaries of the chase. He is content to slay hecatombs of animals on the plains of East Africa, as one slays ducks, grouse and pheasants: he assesses his success by the number of the slain: he knows nothing of spoor and observation of the bush, of the poignant thrill when the critical moment for the shot at cunning game arises, of how to husband his resources, curb his impatience and swallow his disappointment. He may be a fine shot, but he is no hunter. He will not struggle from dawn to dark without food in jungles of elephant and razor grass, tear himself with thorns, and coat himself with slime: he will not sleep all night out in the rain or live for days on beans and skinny fowls. He will not venture forth when his hand is shaking from fever and quinine—but there is no end to the things he will not do. Let us leave him.

Probably in no part of Africa is the sport less good and the going worse than on the West Coast, and probably in no part of Africa are there keener hunters, white or black—and the black hunter is the finest tracker in the world. He has to be, for the country is so appallingly dense and difficult that it is only by the most skilful and determined spooring that the hunter ever gets a shot at all. An official who had spent twelve years in West Africa

had never even seen a game animal in its natural surroundings, and unless he goes and looks for one he probably never will.

Their wariness, their strange, secret lives, lend a romance, a mystery to those wonderful animals, the bush-cow, the bongo, and the elephant. We know them to be fairly plentiful, we see their spoor frequently; but how rarely do we see themselves, and then what a fleeting glance! But if the shot is successful it seems we can never examine the noble quarry enough. What strength is packed into the comparatively small frame of the bush-cow! He is small compared with his big brother the Cape buffalo, but his bones seem to be of iron and his sinews of steel, and he runs almost as lightly as an antelope. The ignorant have scoffed at the idea of danger in pursuing a bush-cow, but many black and white hunters have been killed by this animal. He is not very big, it is true, but it always seems to me that an amateur can be just as easily knocked out by a well-trained lightweight pugilist as by a thirteen-stone one, and the same applies to elephants; a well-grown calf, weighing, say, three-quarters of a ton, can pound the hunter as enthusiastically and efficiently as a four-ton bull. Still, very few animals attack unprovoked, though, on the other hand, practically every animal, from a rat upwards, will fight if it has no hope left. . . .

It is the time of early rains. The walls of your mud hut exhale a subtle, unpleasant odour, as you roll off your camp bed and swallow your cup of tea. A faint, dismal light steals through the wattle doorway, but the cicadas are still stridulating in the dew-soaked grass. You struggle into your damp shirt and shorts, put on your ragged puttees and greasy boots, plunge your head into a bucket of water and munch a biscuit, while your bearer, grunting miserably, examines your rifles and cartridges. He shows them to you; you distribute the cartridges about your person and his; the native tracker emerges from the gloom and takes one rifle, the bearer the other. With the tracker leading, you pass through the sleeping village, along the winding path with the grass stems flicking your face, and the dew dropping down your neck. You have a horrible taste in your mouth, and wonder how many men can possibly enjoy this sort of thing.

The light gets stronger; objects take an outline, and finally a little colour; the air grows clearer. Suddenly the tracker stops and examines the grass. You can see nothing; you crouch, you glare intently, finally you feel with your fingers. A new track, the edge is quite clean cut. The tracker holds up some stems of grass close to your face; they have fresh mud on them. You measure the track, seventeen-eighteen inches? Good enough! and we have only been out half an hour!

"A man one," whispers the bearer, "he walk by himself." Just what you want. Now, no excitement, please!

The tracker produces a tiny bag of flour and taps it. It is light enough now to see the little cloud that floats up. It is quite stationary. He grunts approvingly and leads the way into the grass.

Big though the elephant may be, he has left surprisingly little impression on the grass, which is about fifteen feet high and has stems as thick as your middle finger; also at the bottom there is a layer of some three feet in depth of old decayed grass, and this has the consistency of treacle; the tracker proceeds by falling with his full weight on the grass and getting up again, while you force your way behind him at the rate of about 200 yards an hour. How you remain on the spoor is a mystery known only to the tracker.

The sun is over the horizon now, but you cannot see it. What you can see, though, is a group of fan palms, which is a cheering sight, for it means the elephant has come here to feed off the yellow, acrid fruit and is probably still in the vicinity. Ah! there you are!

The grass suddenly thins out around the trees, and you can see the chewed fruit stones scattered in all directions, also the huge footprints are clearly visible.

But now comes a difficulty. Your quarry has fed from tree to tree in all directions, and it may be an hour before you hit off the spoor again. Well, there are more palms over there—a quarter of a mile away. What about a cast in that direction?

Your luck is certainly in: here are the tracks, and the grass being fairly short, you peg away without a check, hit off the spoor again beyond the palms, and keep on

it until you feel the sun's rays upon your back. Surely, you think, we must come up with the old brute soon. Hope to goodness he's not going to mix himself up with a herd, and all the time you know that at any moment you may come on to him, that he may be standing motionless a few yards away on your flank.

If only you could see inside the tracker's head it would be as though you were actually watching the elephant, *e.g.*: "He is walking steadily now, probably making for water; he stopped here and pulled this tree up; found it wasn't what he wanted. Turned round here; went off again. Stood here and stamped for a bit; rubbed himself against this tree; now he's going on steadily again. We shall see his droppings soon."

You might have guessed from previous experiences that you wouldn't come up with him just yet. You never do. You've always got to work hard for a shot. Now the spoor leads you waist deep through the black ooze of a palm swamp, and your knees and arms are scored by thorns barbed like fish-hooks; a patch of bush in which you are caught, snared, rubbed and lassoed by every variety of creeper, all apparently bent on tying you up and strangling you; a strand of razor-grass lays open your epidermis from the ear to the Adam's apple; your eyes are full of sweat, which stings and smarts, your boots of mud; the buttons are torn off your shirt and your spine-pad has been ripped off and left behind. However, if you worry about these trifles you'll never get on. More high grass, more struggling—ah! At last a huge heap of droppings, into which the tracker thrusts his toe, and turns round, his face working with excitement.

"Warm," breathes the bearer.

You take the 0.500 from the tracker and motion him to get behind you. Cautiously, oh, so cautiously, you steal along, pushing aside the grass with arms and knees. Two cartridges in each shirt pocket and two in the rifle, and the bearer within reach with the 0.318. Right! You feel pretty confident, but your heart is going like a tom-tom. The minutes pass. Silence, only the gentle swish of you and your followers forcing your way through the grass. But the rank stench of a huge animal grows stronger and stronger. He must have stood here a long time. The

narrow rift in the grass still leads on. Has he winded you and cleared out? What about the wind, by the way? You turn to the tracker and sign to him to pull out his little bag, but at that moment he grabs you frantically by the arm and points with a shaking finger. . . . Rather to your left, about twenty to thirty yards away, you discern a round—partially round—and enormous object showing a foot or two above and between the giant grass stems—amorphous, gently quivering. Is it the elephant's stern or his head? It gives you a weird impression of being diaphanous and unreal. You lick your lips and stare. Gradually you get your bearings. You are looking at the top part of his ear, which is raised—listening. But is he standing broadside or obliquely? You will have to get nearer—nothing else for it. A black hand waves the flour-bag before your face. The little cloud seems to hesitate and then slowly waves towards the elephant. Hell! The tip of the great brute's trunk shows suddenly above the grass. You'll have to take the shot now. . . . The sight of his trunk gives you some idea of the way he is standing —half-right away from you. You decide—probably correctly—to try and rake him about three feet to the right of the bottom of the edge of his ear—of what you can see of it. . . . You raise your rifle . . . simultaneously with the crack of the cordite your target disappears with a gurgling roar. You hear him get up, but see nothing. He dashes off—all this while a man might count "three." You burst through the grass to the place, to find blood in all directions and the track of the flying animal scarlet. The tracker, obviously furious with you, scales a tree, descends in a hurry and rushes on down the spoor; you fight your way through grass and scrub and brush and swamp along those bloody tracks until you drop with fatigue on to the bank of a small stream.

"It must be," says your bearer, "that we get him. No 'beef' can drop all that blood and not die." But the tracker shakes his head with the wisdom born of experience, and, after eating a kola nut, takes up the spoor again. You now find that your knowledge of difficult country is nothing to that of the animal you are following, who probably roamed this wilderness when George III. was King. He leads you through incredible places, where

only the tracker's long matchet can cut a road, where you have to travel on all fours, burrowing with your head and hands through the undergrowth.

Meanwhile the sun has climbed to its zenith, and when finally you reach a mile of dead flat plain, burnt quite bare by a recent fire and scorching to the feet, you know to a certainty that your quarry is in the bush beyond, for see how he stumbled and came to his knees here, and how he blew the stream of blood from his trunk as he got up! Knowing this, you get unduly excited and dash across the plain like a maniac, instead of collecting yourself for the effort. You make an infernal noise on getting into the thicket, which grasps you with its maddening creepers and lianas the firmer for your struggles. It is dark and gloomy in here and you would never have seen the elephant if he had not moved. . . . You fire, and then you realise that he is coming . . . he is nearly on to you . . . you fire again, and are caught up in a rush of boughs and creepers and dropped several yards away on your head. What has happened? You struggle to your feet and discern the heads of your two men as they lie like hares in the scrub; and there, a dozen yards away, is the elephant. He has lost your wind. He is listening. You still have your rifle. You fumble for a cartridge. . . . The elephant drops his trunk and goes off at a tangent. You cram home two cartridges and stagger painfully after him. . . . Presently you find an enormous clot of blood and phlegm, and then the blood spoor ceases. What does this mean? Probably he has emptied one lung and the other is sound and may carry him on for days yet. . . . On again! You vow he shall not escape. What a fool you were to get excited, and so the tracker is telling your bearer behind your back!

And do you get him? Do those sixty-pound tusks become yours? Well, if they don't let's hope the old man makes a good recovery and gives sport hereafter to a more skilful shikari than yourself.

The Travelling Theatre

By Emilie Bigelow

Foreword by Horace Shipp

MANY of us who are concerned with the encouragement of the theatre as an art and the stimulation of the love of drama in the people, have looked hopefully in certain directions outside the usual West End stage and its reflex in the suburbs and provinces. The provincial repertory theatres and companies, and others, with the widespread amateur and community movement, have promised a revival of dramatic life more closely in touch with the people than the merchandise in amusement of the London stage; and it has seemed to us possible that this country would develop a network of co-operating small theatres and theatre groups. One of the most delightful and inspiring of these efforts has been that of the Arts League of Service, which, from its London headquarters at 1, Robert Street, Adelphi, organised a Travelling Theatre; and we take advantage of the summer season to publish a critique of a performance of this theatre on one of the occasions when its peregrinations brought it to the West End.

The Arts League of Service is a body of workers in the arts and their supporters, and this theatrical work, under Miss Eleanor Elder, is but one phase of its many activities. A group of theatre artists, *diseuse*, etc., evolved a repertoire which was to combine real æsthetic value with the likelihood of popular appeal. Suitable (and portable) scenery, costumes, and ultimately a folding proscenium have been designed; district circuit bookings are made—usually at the co-operative invitation of socially minded individuals or of such bodies as the Adult School Union, the Women's Institutes, the Workers' Educational Association, or some similar body; and the "troupe" travels in its motor lorry with its portable fit-up theatre, and gives performances in

village halls and town halls, barns and ballrooms, schoolrooms and hotels; anywhere, indeed, where an audience can be organised by local effort. The Travelling Theatre comes where it is wanted, and already tour after tour from place to place in different localities has given this taste of fine dramatic work to people otherwise cut off from anything more exalted than the rural and provincial kinema.

HORACE SHIPP.

A short while ago there arrived upon the stage of the Court Theatre, in London, a small group of pilgrims with the rather undistinguishing name of the Travelling Theatre. The difference between this group and many others who also travel for the theatre's good and their own lay in an underlying purity and intensity which seemed to lift and lead each of its members. The art of these young people had become fused by a singularly new-born quality. Surely these performers, who had been travelling, the ten in one motor, which carried them, their personal luggage, and the materials which constituted the impromptu *décor* of their theatre from the smaller villages and towns of varying sizes throughout England for four years, must have been held high by some animating hope, by some illuminating vision of achievement not common to groups in the theatre to-day.

The result is a kind of English Chauve-Souris, which means that it is composed necessarily of a type of artist particularly at home in its own quality, uncommonly joyful and at ease in its own spirit, easily exhibited as its very own type, which it wears for the most part with the ease of an old shoe. Indeed, in the case of their most perfect artist, Mr. Hugh Mackay, they present a singer who, in his native songs of the Hebrides, seems as welded into song as some absolutely rounded note of nature. The man, voice, melody are one. If in time others in their various acts approach the perfection of this exquisite singer, the Travelling Company will surely have become a light-bearer to other young people, also buoyant and in full sail, in other countries.

That is, if it finds its Balieff.

At present it has made the mistake of adding Miss

Sara Allgood, in song, recitation and sketch, to fill out its programme. Admirable as she is, the note is of another time and colour, another *genre*, which altogether alters the pace and destroys the precise quality of the total performance.

But if they become more conscious of their trend, see more definitely their clear-cut and shining direction, they may become, indeed, very leading bringers of joy to the world.

Surely there must be some English Balieff who will come forward to lend a fusing and signifying hand to this group already so deep in its own character. One can imagine some impersonation as, for example, a theatrically imaginative John Bull, very slightly suggestive of the cartoons, who might add to the prologue and various *entr'actes* a picturesque and acute British significance which could quickly bring this theatre into a new and important life.

The same might be hoped from some artist in texture and colour. As the *mise en scène* is necessarily very simply hung or attached to a few boards, it affords a most desirable opportunity for fluid and summary mounting. A good illustration of the value of flexible investiture lay in one play, where was presented the very picture of a young girl's bed. A few yards of charmingly painted cotton were suspended from a barrel hoop for canopy, a few more yards of another design and colour were thrown across the lower frame with such tactile sensitiveness that the whole breathed a lovely reality of atmosphere. Quite the most enchanting thing of its kind I have seen.

In some such way the hand and touch intuitively and beautifully, as with the tips of the fingers, add precious meanings to further the whole. In the future we are to form surrounding unities where the final point of the actor's influence is neither seen nor felt. And we are to transform some very ordinary and common materials by nothing more than the radiance of a touch.

So to catch the fleeting and unconscious, to present the unseen but evident meaning at the back of the most ordinary objects and events—this is achievement. It is a direction which this present theatre will probably follow as a simple continuation of its natural originating impulse. If so, it

will serve as one of the most valuable possibilities in the art of the stage to-day.

In the folk songs the mood created was already so strong and clear and vibrant that it created its own atmosphere. And that added intensity, that abundance and fire, which not only attracts and holds in itself the complete response of its audience, but transfuses that which surrounds it, is perhaps the great flowering on the stage toward which we are hopefully looking.

And thereby emerges a brilliant new lustre to aid the folk tradition of old England.

The will to move in this enthusiastic and peripatetic way may well be allied to the ever-changing and kaleidoscopic combination in movement which is of the very essence of the modern stage. It is perhaps for this reason, as of a note sounded in a slightly higher vibration, that the Travelling Theatre seemed to me to present the gayest, most hopeful and one of the most potential moments in the English theatre.

Books

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

SPUNYARN. By SIR HENRY F. WOODS, K.C.V.O. Hutchinson. 36*s*. net.

THESE two substantial volumes cover sixty years of a sailor's life in the British and Turkish navies, for Woods Pasha became an admiral in the latter service whilst ranking as lieutenant in the former. This *Spunyarn from the Strands of a Sailor's Life Afloat and Ashore* carries us back almost to the times of Mr. Midshipman Easy. Paddle-wheel men-o'-war, West African slavers, Chinese pirates, naval martinets, and lots of sprees ashore of the "dignity ball" type, and jolly good yarn it makes. Sir Henry had all the readiness and resource which the Service inculcates, besides diplomatic qualities, in the exercise of which the British sailorman has excelled from time immemorial. After seeing a great deal of the world, East and West, a lucky chance took Lieutenant Woods to Turkey on loan, and the latter half of his story is laid in the neighbourhood of Constantinople. Here, from the days of Abdul Aziz until the declaration of war, he was in close touch with successive sultans, and became inured to the Oriental obliquities and intrigues, and by his native wit and frankness, more than kept his end up—the said end being the advancement of Turkey as a naval power and the inculcation of Bristol fashion methods. Sir Henry tells us much of Turkish life and manners, and confesses his strong affection for, and admiration of, the essential Turk. He tells us, amongst other authoritative revelations, that it was the *Goeben* which, by holding Constantinople at its mercy, brought Turkey into the war. There is, indeed, much special information as well as a fund of amusing recollections of persons and events in this pleasantly written book of reminiscences. The photographic and other illustrations are many of them unique and all interesting. *Spunyarn* is, in short, a thoroughly enjoyable book.

DRAMA AND POETRY.

THE NEW THEATRE AND CINEMA OF SOVIET RUSSIA. By HUNTLY CARTER. Chapman and Dodd. 25*s*.

MR. HUNTLY CARTER has a genius for collecting and collating facts about his subject, and it is this genius which has compiled this interesting volume from the material gained at first hand during his visits to Russia since the Bolshevik revolution. The fault of the method is closely akin to its virtue, for it tends to make something of a blue book of these three hundred pages of fairly close print, with their footnotes and appendices; but on matters upon which we have rather too

much opinion and very little detailed information this scientific method is refreshingly enlightening. Huntly Carter deals with the three phases of the new Russian theatre: the Left under Meierhold, the Centre under Lunacharsky, and the Right under Stanislavsky. He treats of the history and the aims of each group, deals interestingly with the "machinology" which has taken hold of the Russian mind and reflects itself in their æsthetics, examines carefully the Proletcult movement which has spread workmen's theatres all across Russia, and shows everywhere the reaction of political events upon the arts of the theatre and cinema. The book throws an interesting sidelight on Russian politics, events, and economics, and Mr. Huntly Carter, concerned with the theatre *per se* and holding no brief either for the new or the old *régime*, may be regarded as giving unbiased evidence upon the psychology of present-day Russia. The large number of illustrations and woodcuts add to the value of the book as a guide to this theatre, so far removed from our own in spirit, intention, and method.

THE IMMORTAL PURPOSE. By SIR LEO CHIOZZA MONEY. Cobden-Sanderson. 6*s*.

THIS volume of poems claims attention first by its choice of subject matter, for Sir Leo Chiozza Money, although he can turn as pretty a compliment as an Elizabethan sonneteer, is chiefly preoccupied as a serious poet with man's conquest of the universe by science, and as a satirist with the ills and mal-adjustments of social life. Scientific idealism is thus the keynote of the book; echoed, as it were, by the implications of the realism of his satire. It is unromantic poetry—poetry which does not run away from the life of our day to lose itself in some realm of fancy; and when in his fine sonnet "Defeat" he states his poetic purpose:

> "... to set words adrift upon the sea
> Of words that beats upon the minds of men,"

and ends:

> "I wait my hour, and while I wait my words
> Shall flame like beacons and assail like swords,"

one realises that it is the earnestness of his altruism which gives the depth to his poetry. His technical achievement, rising at times to great beauty (particularly in his sonnets), can nevertheless permit the intrusion of strange infelicities, and he is perhaps a shade too metrical for our modern ears. But his sense of language and of form usually guarantees the poet's manner, as surely as the exalted themes guarantee the matter of the work.

FICTION.

THE HEAVENLY LADDER. By COMPTON MACKENZIE. Cassell. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

MARK LIDDERDALE, the central figure of this and two previous books, is a very attractive personality—a perverse and humorous mystic, predestined to be received into the security of Rome after a long and testing time as an Anglo-Catholic. In this part of his story he returns

as parish priest to the remote Cornish home of his boyhood, where his spiritual convictions are deepened by contact with acute suffering at the hands of his parishioners—a perfectly diabolical set of narrow and foul-minded bigots, redeemed by some funny parsons, an amorous old maid, and a pompous bishop. All this part of the story is extraordinarily real with the inevitableness of actuality. There is a brief divertisement on the foundations of belief when a wandering "Conchy" accepts the deprived priest's hospitality, but this *advocatus diaboli* is a rather feeble figure, and war experiences and a casual meeting with a Benedictine Abbot in the high Alps put the finishing touches to Mark's wavering resolution. In a postscript we are half-promised a view of the promised land from within. Mark Lidderdale is of the stuff of which saints are made, and Mr. Compton Mackenzie, in spite of his modest disclaimer, is just the sort of writer to evoke interest in a subject not often touched by considerable novelists. This trilogy is, at the very least, a brilliant contribution to the ecclesiastical problems of the day, beside having the merit of acceptability, as keen and clever pictures of modern England, by readers who care for "none of these things."

THE BLACK SOUL. By LIAM O'FLAHERTY. Jonathan Cape. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

THIS is the story of a recovery from shell-shock, aided by Nature's deepest and widest stimuli. It is the picture of a cultivated man's mind reacting to Nature and beauty in an Irish islet community, done with that shrill intensity which delights the Celt and the Slav, but softened by well-tuned aspects of sea and rock and sky, and made acceptable by the simple directness of diction of which Irish writers seem to have the secret. The rather horrible hero of this sea change is loved by the beautiful virgin wife of his temporary host. She it is who watches and mothers him in his distraught intellectual snobbishness of mental anæmia, and eventually helps him to win back to manhood—a climax in which the growing insanity of the thwarted peasant husband has a dramatic part. We see rather too much of the shellshocked interior, and not enough of the very picturesque peasantry and their ways, although they and their surroundings and the moods of the eternal sea are well suggested. A clever book which only just fails of impressiveness.

"C." By MAURICE BARING. Heinemann. 15*s*.

THIS monumental book should serve as a corrective to those whose impressions of high life arrive through sources which lead them to believe it to be all jewels and champagne. Its 700 pages give an almost photographic record of the career of a well-born young man, his home-life and school-life, Eton, Oxford, travel, society, his love affairs, and adventures in art and literature. Told with amazing economy of words, its length is accounted for by the completeness of the picture of that environment, and I confess that the impression left upon me was one of the unutterable dreariness of the social treadmill upon which poor C was born. The everlasting luncheons, house-parties, social functions of every kind, the unending chatter about all the things

chattered of on such occasions, the procession of Lady This's and Sir Somebody That's who cross the pages for no other reason than that they actually *did* go to lunch, or prefer Verdi to Wagner, become a nightmare. It is a careful study, photographic in its detail, interesting often on account of its characters' views on art or life, and scientifically necessary as a record of Heartbreak House and Horseback Hall.

THE MARRIAGE CRAFT. By D. H. S. NICHOLSON. Cobden Sanderson. 6*s.* net.

THIS summer school on a canal barge, gliding discursively along the glades of the Bridgewater canal, with sex and its finer implications reviewed, in broad daylight, by a carefully mixed company, is no embarkation for the isles of Cythera with youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm—far otherwise. It is a delightfully devised discussion carried on by earnest persons of both sexes, with a definite agenda—not always strictly adhered to—and with a postulated frankness well within the limits of delicacy. This original voyage of exploration makes, in Mr. Nicholson's hands, a singularly entertaining story; the ship's company has all the elements necessary to a good argument, with three married couples of varying conjugality, a celibate priest, and a pair of free contractors, and a jolly good argument they have of it, about it and about, with character admirably emerging, and some glimpsed idylls of the towpath. Of course, one arrives nowhere, for who would travel on a barge, or discuss sex relationships for the purpose of arrival? But it's a nice trip, filled with stimulating and eager talk, extremely well done, picturesque, and thoroughly amusing.

WIVES. By KATHERINE TYNAN. Hurst and Blackett, Ltd. 7*s.* 6*d.*

WELL told as these fourteen stories of wives are, one lays down the book with the disturbing consciousness of having spent a few pleasantly diverting hours with story-book characters rather than having come into contact with people moved by their own nature and governed by a writer's art. Perhaps it is that the stories are usually overweighted with narrative, so that there is little chance for the characters to move of their own inwardness; and when Katherine Tynan says that they *did* this or *said* that, we take her word for it; but her people remain strangers. Neither are their doings or sayings imbued with any great significance, nor do they add anything much to our knowledge of woman *qua* wife or of human nature in any capacity.

One is forced to these critical strictures by the reputation of the authoress. We look to her not only for the able narrative which she has given us in this volume, but for literary distinction and creative power. *Wives* is on the lesser levels of achievement—diverting reading for the holiday season, and as such it will probably spread Katherine Tynan's circle of readers beyond that of her usual admirers.

THE WORLD WE LAUGH IN. By HARRY GRAHAM. Methuen. 5*s.* net.

IN this slim and jolly volume Mr. Graham gives us more of his "deportmental ditties," with pictures by "Fish," a conjunction of author and artist of exceptional suitability. Both these clever mondain people deal in extravaganza in which the assumption of simplicity gives exquisite point to subtle satire. Manners, modes, and morals

transposed into this fresh and delightful convention charm us by the *naïveté* of exaggeration with which they comment upon life, and the wit behind the childlike and bland manner of verse and illustration is as much appreciated as the assumption itself. Thus we get the double joy of laughing with, and at, our entertainers. To quote Mr. Graham is to do him less than justice; but these few lines from "Breakfast," a jingle telling of the dangers of being bright at breakfast-time—in which a jovial bishop aroused the anger of a gloomy Dean by slapping him on the back, with the result of precipitating a most unclerical battle with the dishes and utensils, followed by ecclesiastical degradation—are so characteristic of Mr. Graham's manner that they are irresistible:

> "The Bishop lost his see, and sank
> To rural Prebendary's rank!
> No longer in his breezy way
> He reads the Collect for the Day,
> Or chants what proper hymns there be
> For those of Riper Years at Sea!"

SIEGE PERILOUS, AND OTHER STORIES. By MAUD DIVER. John Murray. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

MRS. DIVER has collected here her occasional short stories. Most of them are staged in the East, and three recount incidents taken direct from life in India. They are, it is scarcely necessary to say, eminently readable, full of human and romantic interest, and unaffectedly told. That they are not in any sense distinguished or unique is only another proof that life and art, actuality and significance, are not interchangeable terms. Mrs. Diver's characters have, in fact, the somewhat ephemeral value of agreeable acquaintances: they are types rather than individuals, and they tend to link together the incidents of a plot rather than to reveal themselves through its action. This lack of depth and subtlety of characterisation is particularly noticeable in the longest story, from which her book takes its title. The situation is cleverly conceived, but her handling of it is so superficial that we are left with the impression of a hand moving pieces arbitrarily on a chessboard, of a problem easily solved because it has never been truthfully tackled. Mrs. Diver succeeds best where realistic action is most independent of realistic psychology, and the East, therefore, with its primitive and picturesque customs, its violence and its simplicity, always favours her talent. Additional interest attaches to this book through a chapter devoted to some Afghan and Indian reminiscences of Lord Roberts and a set of verses in his memory.

ORDEAL. By DALE COLLINS. Heinemann, Ltd. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

MR. COLLINS has succeeded in making a "thriller" into an artistic success. His story is melodrama, but we are not conscious of the fact until the horrors are over, and the rescued actors are bowing their acknowledgments, as if nothing terrible had happened to them, from the deck of a first-class American liner. Mr. Collins, as an earlier book informed us, derived considerable experience of the sea from a tour round the world in a motor launch. The sea was not invariably benevolent on that occasion, but the amateurs had then a professional at their back. Fiction offers him the opportunity of dropping the

professional and coining a villain. To the tender mercies of this villain, Ted, the steward, subtle, sinister and implacable, and to the cyclonic attentions of the Pacific Mr. Collins hands over an impractical Professor Thorpe and his vivacious wife, a young Englishman, a deaf old lady, and her niece. Add the fact that the schooner on which they set out from Honolulu to sail to New York by way of Panama is by no means seaworthy, as the Japanese who coated it with bright paint well knew, that the crew which the same Japanese engaged were even less seaworthy than the schooner, that the young Englishman and the niece share a romantic attachment, and that Mrs. Thorpe's fidelity to her husband is not a foregone conclusion, and we have plainly all the ingredients for a sensational story. But it is Ted, the steward, with his sly lust for domination, aggravated by years of enforced servility, who stirs the ingredients into a hell broth, until a forgetful backward step delivers him up to the waiting shark, and an hysterical crew from a desperate and unsavoury predicament. Mr. Collins keeps us on the edge of suspense from beginning to end.

THE HAND OF GLORY. Tales and Legends collected by R. BLAKEBOROUGH. Grant Richards. 7*s*. 6*d*.

ONE need not go very far from the railway stations and motor omnibus routes into the English countryside to discover a wealth of stories and ballads of witches, ghosts, highwaymen, elves and wise-women, magic and all the other ingredients of folk-lore. With the swift encroachment of the kinema and wireless the old stories and traditional songs are rapidly being forgotten by a younger generation, spell-bound by five-reel movie stories and broadcast music-hall ditties. It is the more valuable, therefore, that Mr. Fairfax-Blakeborough should edit and publish some of the capital stories from the enormous mass gathered and recorded by his father in the Yorkshire countryside; and this present volume is as comprehensive a collection of the eerie, the thrilling, and the fascinating as it is possible to imagine. Mr. Blakeborough was a careful collector, searching for and sifting the versions of each story and setting them down without pride or prejudice for what they are worth. The book has no conscious "style" save its simplicity; there is none of the brilliant literary craftsmanship of Henry James' *Turn of the Screw*, but, curiously, one finds oneself more convinced by the unspoiled fireside manner than by any amount of literary polish. It is like being permitted to take a quiet corner and hear these simple people record the happenings they so firmly attest. The volume is decorated by a number of Lovat-Fraseresque head and tail pieces by Wyndham Payne, which enhance its interesting reading.

THE NATURAL MAN. By. PATRICK MILLER. Grant Richards, Ltd. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

THE adjudicators in Mr. Grant Richards' recent competition are to be congratulated on selecting a novel which, while possessing the stipulated "literary quality," is also instinct with life. The novelist, because his medium demands more detachment and his substance more synthesis than the poet, has taken longer to react artistically to the war. Mr. Ewart, in his *Way of Revelation*, was, perhaps, the first Englishman to be sufficiently disinterested to produce something more than a cry of pain or disgust. Mr. Miller is the second, and while he has

chosen a smaller canvas than his predecessor, his concentration on the fact of war rather than its contingencies is more complete (almost all the action takes place at the front), and his interpretation of it through his hero, the artillery officer Blaven, is unique in its absolute freedom from hysteria. The horror of modern warfare has hitherto impressed most sensitive combatants; but Mr. Miller stands to the school of Barbusse as Julian Grenfell to Seigfried Sassoon. His theme is the possibility, given a certain character, of war clarifying and liberating the individual. In civilian life Blaven had been haunted by self-distrust: in battle he found an environment to which he could successfully adapt himself: a world's discord put him, paradoxically, into harmony with himself, and he served the guns with the rapture of a mystic.

TRAVEL.

MY NESTORIAN ADVENTURE IN CHINA. By FRITZ HOLM. Hutchinson. 18*s*. net.

HIS Excellency Fritz Holm, the Danish explorer, author, and archæologist, undertook the self-imposed task of obtaining a replica of the remarkably interesting Nestorian monument known to exist in the heart of China, the surviving evidence of the very early mission of Christian priests of the Nestorian cult to the Far East. Some years before Augustine's landing in Kent, these early "Protestants" not only penetrated the Flowery Land, but were politely and sympathetically received by the Chinese emperors, permitted to found monasteries, and encouraged to teach their religious philosophy, in a friendly and honourable atmosphere of encouragement. Christianity, unaccompanied by diplomacy and gunboats, was patronised under the title of "The Luminous Religion," and the stele erected in the year 781 witnesses to a judicious comprehension of Sinian hyperbole, as well as to an elevated spirit of consideration for the spiritual accomplishments of the poor heathen, which might have led to much, had it not been for Timur. This stone document, of more than 2,000 ideographs, setting forth the luminous way, and the friendliness of successive emperors, is a quite unique Christian and archæological treasure, to which the author has given a good deal of his life, in bringing it before the Western public, and in his difficult and interesting journeyings in the heart of China to procure an exact copy in stone for Christendom. His Excellency tells, in this book, the story of his travels with graphic power, giving us very living glimpses into Chinese life and manners, with accurate observations of the terrain through which his long journeyings led him. Two translations of the Nestorian inscription find their place in this story, together with admirable photographs of the stone *in situ*, and its duplicate, as well as many incidental camera pictures. The story ends with some account of the economical enthusiasm of American experts and millionaires, which eventually led to the deposition of the replica in Rome, no longer troubled by the memory of Nestorius' difficulty in saying "Mother of God." A curious and unusual travel book, full of interest in manner and matter, enhanced in charm by the author's frank enthusiasm and his scholarly but rather exotic English.

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Nyasaland's Transport Problem

By

G. H. Lepper

On page 450.

Empire Notes

Dominions and Foreign Affairs

AMPLE justification for the prominence given to the vital topic of the Dominions and Foreign Affairs in recent numbers of THE ENGLISH REVIEW was afforded by the debate in the House of Commons at the end of July. The subject was raised by Mr. Amery on the Colonial Office vote on July 29th. Mr. Lloyd George laid stress on the importance of doing nothing to assist mischief-makers who endeavour to exploit the lack of racial homogeneity in some of the Dominions. He agreed with Mr. Amery that there had been rather unfortunate incidents in connection with the representation of the Dominions at recent international conferences, and said that it was most important that they should feel that we were taking them into our

councils, as far as geographical conditions would permit, and that the old policy of Downing Street deciding for the whole of the Dominions and committing them to a policy which loyalty demanded that they should support when it was challenged by anyone was gone for ever.

Search for a Workable Plan

Mr. Thomas, in his reply, made it clear that the Government is concerned about the position, and that the adoption of the panel system, by which one of the three British Empire representatives at the Dawes Report Conference was provided by the Dominions in turn, was not regarded as a permanently satisfactory solution of the problem of Dominion representation, either at home or oversea. The British Government has invited the Dominion Governments to express their views in regard to the question of intra-Empire consultations on Imperial and foreign affairs. An invitation has been sent for a conference to be held in October to explore the ground, but it seems by no means certain that it will be possible to hold it so soon. According to *The Times* correspondent in Wellington, Mr. Massey has stated that neither he nor any other New Zealand Minister will be able to leave that Dominion for some time. He suggested that a small committee of men, not necessarily politicians, but well versed in constitutional law and procedure, should examine the problems involved, and that their report should be considered by the various Governments before the next Imperial Conference. It would seem from a subsequent speech by Mr. Mackenzie King, the Canadian Prime Minister, that this suggestion now holds the field. Obviously it is too much to expect statesmen to come to London from the opposite side of the earth every few months, particularly after the fiasco of the last Imperial Conference. Nowhere in the Empire, except perhaps in Southern Rhodesia, are the Prime Ministers sufficiently free from local political difficulties to be able to absent themselves for several months in the year from their own countries, apart altogether from the question of expense, which is a serious matter in the case of the Southern Dominions. It is, however, satisfactory to find that the importance of the subject is becoming more generally realised, and we may

hope that the practical genius of the race will prove equal to the task of devising a workable and sufficiently flexible plan of consultation and representation of the self-governing units of the Empire, both in regard to Imperial and foreign affairs. We cannot afford many repetitions of the unpleasantness that has occurred in connection with the Lausanne Treaty and the Dawes Report Conference.

Reserve Bank for Australia

THE Commonwealth Bank Bill, which makes important changes in the functions and constitution of the bank, may be regarded as an attempt to give effect to the recommendations of the Committee of the Imperial Economic Conference of last October which studied the problem of Empire exchanges and the difficulties which have been experienced from time to time since the suspension of the gold standard in moving money within the Empire at reasonable cost. Hitherto the Commonwealth Bank has been merely a State bank managed by a governor and deputy governor, and it has worked in concert with the commercial banks in the matter of rates of exchange. The effect of the alterations to be made will be to transform the Commonwealth Bank into a central reserve bank with similar functions to the South African Reserve Bank. A board of directors will be set up composed of eight prominent men unconnected with other financial institutions, two of whom are to be experts on currency questions, and this board will also control the note issue department. A London board of advice composed of three members is also to be formed. An important feature is the provision that under certain conditions notes may be issued in Australia against balances specially deposited in London. It is hoped in this way to overcome the difficulty that has frequently occurred since the war of transferring balances in London to Australia except in the form of goods, with the inevitable consequence of excessive importing to the detriment of Australian manufacturers. Whether this expedient will prove successful remains to be tested by experience, but there is a widespread feeling that a return to the gold standard is the only really satisfactory remedy for the troubles that have occurred in recent years. Dr. Earl Page, the Commonwealth Treasurer, who introduced the

Bill, said that it had been framed in order that banking in Australia might keep pace with the most modern systems of banking in other countries. The change was calculated to facilitate national production and trade, so far as that could be done by banking, and it would permit the ordinary laws of finance and economics to work as smoothly as possible and without harshness towards the growing needs of the Commonwealth.

Australian Coalition in Danger

Although an agreement was reached in the latter part of July between representatives of the Federal Nationalist Party and the Country Party to cover the allocation of seats between the two wings of the Coalition at the next Australian General Election, later messages suggest that harmony is far from being restored between the two parties. Mr. Stewart, the Minister of Works, has resigned from the Cabinet, as he disapproves of the terms of the new pact and intends to oppose it strongly in the State Farmers' Organisation in Victoria, which is unlikely to support the new agreement. In that event the remaining Country Party Ministers are expected to withdraw, leaving Mr. Bruce to form a purely Nationalist administration. The political situation in Australia is not such that the Nationalists and the Country Party can afford to fall out unless they are prepared to clear the way for a Labour Government. Labour is in power in four of the six States, and in office, though as a Minority Government, in a fifth, New South Wales being the only State not now controlled by Labour. The existence of a Labour administration in Victoria is due to the quarrel between the Nationalists and the Country Party, which seems likely to lead to a similar result in Federal politics. It is difficult to see how the interests which the Country Party represents will gain by a final breach with the Nationalists, since, although the latter are Protectionists, the existence of the Coalition enables the Country Party to exert a good deal of influence in the direction of preventing increases in import duties. A Labour Government would be more protectionist than the Nationalists, and the Country Party would no longer be able to impose any effective opposition to tariff increases, so that, in so

far as one of their main interests is concerned, they would have exchanged King Log for King Stork.

The Locust Plague

The South African Government has done wisely in sending an expedition into the Kalahari desert to investigate the locust peril in the principal breeding ground of this destructive insect pest. The recrudescence of swarms on a large scale during the past two years has cost the Union large sums and resulted in heavy losses to farmers. It would be false economy to spare time or money in an endeavour to rid South Africa of the recurrent menace of fresh invasions, and if a means could be found to stamp out the insect the expenditure of a million or two in this way would be well worth while. The difficulty is that in the vast and almost unoccupied regions bounded by the Orange river, the Cape-Congo railway, the Zambezi, and the highlands of South-west Africa, swarms can develop to dangerous proportions unobserved, and from this breeding ground they can emerge to ravage the crops and pastures of the settled parts of South Africa. It may be that a system of aeroplane patrols of the Kalahari, in conjunction with the employment of a number of reliable Bechuana wardens, would enable early information to be obtained of the presence of swarms in the "hopper" stage. In that event the necessary measures could be taken for destroying the insects before they acquired the extra mobility given to them by the growth of their wings. The transport problem in this hot, arid, and roadless region would, however, prove a formidable obstacle to such action.

South Africa and the Gold Standard

The possibility of a return to the gold standard in South Africa in advance of similar action in this country has been attracting some attention recently in the Union, this contingency having been mentioned by Mr. Havenga, the Minister of Finance, in his Budget statement a few weeks ago. Under the Banking and Currency Act of 1920, by which the South African Reserve Bank was set up, the convertibility of notes issued by the bank was suspended until June 30th, 1923, and the period of inconvertibility was subsequently extended for two years

beyond that date, so that it has another ten months to run, failing a further prolongation. A committee of experts is to be appointed to study the position and advise the Government. The matter is complicated by the effect that a restoration of the gold standard might have on the Witwatersrand mining industry. In present circumstances the gold premium increases the cost of plant and material required by the mines, and also tends to keep wages at a higher level than would otherwise be warranted. On the other hand, the increased value of the gold produced probably much more than compensates for the higher cost of exploitation. In fact, many of the low grade mines are only kept at work by the existence of the premium. The possibility of its disappearance introduces an element of uncertainty into the prospects of the gold mining industry in the immediate future, and will naturally affect the attitude of the mining companies towards the demands for increased wages that are about to be put forward. It is unfortunate that at a time when there seemed to be good hopes of several years of sustained progress and freedom from violent changes this cloud should appear on the horizon, and it is very desirable that the intentions of the Government in regard to the gold standard should be made known as soon as possible in order to give plenty of time for such readjustment as may be necessary.

New Zealand's Prosperity

THE New Zealand Budget reflects the prosperity of that Dominion. A surplus of £1,812,365 is something of which such a small population may be justly proud, and Mr. Massey, in his Budget speech, was able to say that, although £4,600,000 had been borrowed during the year for public works and settlement, the net debt had been reduced by £1,111,000. The desire of the Dominion Government to shoulder a larger share of the burden of Imperial naval defence is shown by the intimation that Parliament is to be asked to sanction the maintenance by New Zealand of a second light cruiser. Taxation is to be reduced by £1,000,000 in the current financial year, but Mr. Massey wisely warned the people of the Dominion that, although they were now in a fairly good position, they must avoid the temptation of indulging in extravagance, and that borrowed money should be used

as far as possible for reproductive works if the country's credit were to be maintained. There is no doubt that it is in safe hands at present.

Parliamentary Visit to South Africa

ONLY good can come of the visit of members of Parliament from Britain and the Dominions to South Africa. Mr. Thomas, Lord Burnham, Sir Douglas Hogg, and the other United Kingdom delegates will have a most interesting and instructive tour of the sub-continent, and it is to be hoped that no untoward political developments in this country will occur to cut short the Colonial Secretary's stay. Southern Africa has much to show her visitors, in the Union where, in addition to the great mining industry, which alone enables us to meet our liabilities to the United States without seriously affecting the relation of the pound to the dollar, the development of irrigation and water storage works is transforming large areas; in Southern Rhodesia, where a small white community is manfully shouldering the task of administering the youngest self-governing unit of the Empire; in Portuguese East Africa, where important developments, in which British capital will doubtless predominate, are about to take place; and in the South-West Africa Protectorate, which is well on the way to recovery from the effects of the war and is entering upon a new era of progress under the control of the Union. The quadrangular racial problem in the Union arising from the impact of British, Dutch, Indians, and natives upon one another, is a subject that cannot fail to absorb a large share of the attention of the visitors, for the prosperity of British South Africa depends to a great extent on a satisfactory adjustment of the racial issues, with which the future of the Empire itself is also inextricably interwoven.

Indians in Kenya

BEFORE leaving for South Africa the Colonial Secretary made known his final decision on the questions affecting Indians in Kenya and Indian immigration to that colony arising out of the White Paper of July, 1923, which had been referred to a committee under the chairmanship of Mr. J. Hope Simpson, M.P., appointed by the Government of India as a result of the

deliberations of the Imperial Conference held last autumn. In the matter of the franchise and the reservation of the highlands for European settlers Mr. Thomas adheres to the policy laid down in the White Paper. Sir Robert Coryndon, the Governor of Kenya, in his opening speech to the Legislative Council, said that he thought the colony should express its recognition that a definite decision had been reached in accordance with the general wish. The community should, he added, now be able to proceed with confidence and accelerate the normal development. As regards immigration, the draft Bill to control immigration in the interests of the native African population is not to be proceeded with, and the Colonial Secretary has decided that, if danger should arise of an influx of immigrants of any class or race which might be prejudicial to the interests of the natives, he will hold himself free to take such action as may be necessary. Steps are to be taken to set up a statistical department in order to secure accurate information in regard to immigration and emigration of all races in view of the conflicting evidence in regard to Indian immigration which has been put forward. The question of reserving an area in the lowlands for agricultural immigrants from India was unfavourably regarded by Mr. Hope Simpson's committee, but consideration of this matter is in suspense pending the receipt of further reports from the colony. It is too much to hope that Indian agitation will be stopped as the result of the decisions reached, but in other quarters the Colonial Secretary's adherence to the principles embodied in the White Paper has been generally approved.

Australian Labour Revival

THE proposal to build two new cruisers, of which one at any rate is to be ordered in Britain, has aroused the ire of the Australian Labour Party, which is loth to recognise that its own actions have made the cost of construction in the Commonwealth prohibitive, and the success of Labour at recent State elections is an additional indication that Mr. Bruce and his composite Government will have to meet a strong Labour offensive in the near future. The experience of Victoria, where, largely as the result of bickering between the Nationalists and the Country Party, Labour

has become the strongest single party in the State Assembly, is a danger signal to the Bruce-Page administration. Less has been heard of the differences between the two wings since the Prime Minister's return to Australia, and it may be that Mr. Bruce will be able to keep his team together, since the consequences of disunion would inevitably be the return to power of a federal Labour Government, following the capture by Labour of all but two of the States. *The Times*, in a leading article on July 1st, referred to a somewhat significant change in the attitude of Australian Labour (in Western Australia at any rate) towards immigration, possible due to the discovery that in the Murray-Wellington group settlement the residents, most of whom came recently from the British Isles, voted Labour in the proportion of four to one at the last State General Election. Whether *post hoc* or *propter hoc* it would be rash to say, but the State Government now appears to be quite well disposed towards the immigration policy adopted by Sir James Mitchell's administration. In connection with migration it is noteworthy that at the beginning of July it was announced that all shipping accommodation for emigrants to New Zealand was booked until the end of August.

Nyasaland's Transport Problem

By G. H. Lepper

ALTHOUGH the opening of the Trans-Zambesia Railway two years ago effected a very notable improvement, the area of Central Africa under British control formed by the northern portion of Nyasaland and the north-eastern division of Northern Rhodesia is still one of the least accessible portions of the British Empire.

Ever since this large and potentially rich territory, together with the southern part of Nyasaland (which can now be reached from Beira in thirty-six hours, including a night spent on the ferry steamer at the Zambezi crossing), passed under the British flag the chief problem that it has presented for solution has been the provision of a satisfactory outlet to the sea for its products. In the early days of British occupation access to Nyasaland was entirely by water, river steamers of shallow draught plying on the Zambezi and Shiré rivers from the mouth of the former to the foot of the rapids known as the Murchison Falls, which divide the upper and lower reaches of the Shiré. Even had the waterways remained in the same condition as in 1890, river transport was too slow and uncertain to permit rapid development of the country, and any considerable expansion would have been dependent on the construction of a railway to an efficiently equipped port. The steady deterioration in the waterway, due to a lowering of the level of Lake Nyasa, has resulted in a progressive recession of the head of navigation during the past quarter of a century. Originally able to reach Katunga in the wet season, the river steamers gradually found it impossible to ascend beyond Chiromo, and a little later Port Herald became the limit of navigation. Consequently it became necessary to construct a railway between this point and Blantyre, the chief centre of the Shiré Highlands area. This railway, 113 miles long, was built by the Shiré Highlands Railway Company, a subsidiary of the British Central Africa Company. It was opened in 1908. A land

grant of 361,000 acres made by the Nyasaland Government was subsequently repurchased from the railway company at 10s. an acre. The Protectorate Government has the right to purchase the railway itself in 1937 or subsequently.

The state of the river continued to go from bad to worse, and it was soon found necessary to carry the railway downstream to the Zambezi, a distance of 61 miles from Port Herald. The line between Port Herald and Chindio, on the north bank of the Zambezi, was built by the Central Africa Railway Company, but it is operated by the Shiré Highlands Railway, so that the section of 174 miles from Chindio to Blantyre is worked as a single system. The Central Africa Railway is partly in British territory (16½ miles) and partly in the Tete district of Portuguese East Africa (44½ miles). This railway also can be purchased by the Nyasaland Government in 1937, or thereafter, subject to the consent of the Portuguese Government so far as the section in Portuguese territory is concerned.

When the war ended there was a continuous railway of 3 ft. 6 in. gauge from Chindio, on the Zambezi, to Blantyre. Even on the Zambezi, however, navigation was far from satisfactory in the dry season, and the river route between the starting point of the railway at Chindio and the port of Chinde, at the mouth of the river, where Nyasaland traffic was transhipped from the coasting steamers coming from Beira to the stern-wheelers plying on the Zambezi was an effective brake on progress.

The pre-war project for a railway from Beira to the Zambezi was accordingly revived, and in 1919 the Colonial Office sanctioned the guarantee by the Nyasaland Government of the interest and sinking fund payments for 25 and 20 years respectively in connection with the debentures issued by the Trans-Zambesia Railway Company to cover the cost of building the line. This railway leaves the Beira-Mashonaland Railway (over which the T.Z.R. has running powers into Beira) at Dondo Junction, 18 miles from the port. The line from Dondo to the south bank of the Zambezi at Murraça, opposite Chindio, is 157 miles long, and was opened for traffic on July 1st, 1922. Since then there has been a direct railway route from Beira to Blantyre, broken only by the gap of two miles at the Zambezi ferry, and the journey from the commercial centre

of Nyasaland to Beira has been reduced to a day and a half, whereas the journey *via* Chinde by coasting steamer, river stern-wheeler and train might occupy ten days or a fortnight. As Beira is directly connected with the main railway system of Southern Africa, Nyasaland has also been placed in close touch with the rest of the sub-continent by the opening of the Trans-Zambesia line.

Yet, in spite of the great advance thus made, the existence of the break at the river crossing still represents a serious handicap to full development of Nyasaland and the adjoining portion of Northern Rhodesia, which also finds its outlet to the sea by the Beira-Blantyre route. As an illustration, it may be mentioned that this year there was a good crop of maize in Nyasaland and a short crop in Rhodesia and the Union of South Africa, owing to drought and locusts, so that, if transport had been possible, considerable quantities of Nyasaland maize could have found a profitable market to the south. But the impossibility of moving a large volume of bulky freight across the Zambezi by the ferry has prevented Nyasaland from taking advantage of this opportunity. There is no doubt that maize-growing could be greatly extended in Nyasaland if a large export trade were made possible by the bridging of the Zambezi. Within a few years there is no reason why export shipments of maize should not amount to 50,000 tons a year, and this would be a most useful addition to the existing railway traffic.

To bridge the Zambezi at Sena, the only suitable site within reasonable distance of the existing railways, will cost £800,000 with the necessary railway deviation, which involves lengthening the line from Blantyre to Beira by 11 miles. This, however, is not a serious disadvantage, and it has a feature which will more than compensate for the additional mileage, as it will remove the railway approaches from the risk of floods except during an altogether abnormal rise in the river. The present track on Inhangoma Island, between Chindio and the Baue bridge over the Ziué Ziué, has been damaged three times by floods during the past six years, and serious interruptions to traffic have resulted. This section will be eliminated if the Sena bridge is built.

It is quite clear that no development of Nyasaland and

North-Eastern Rhodesian traffic that can be regarded as within the bounds of possibility in any reasonable period could meet the interest and sinking fund charges on a bridge outlay of £800,000. At first sight, therefore, the problem of providing an unbroken railway route from Nyasaland to its ocean port resting on a sound economic basis, or likely to do so within a measurable period, would appear insoluble. Fortunately Nature herself has provided the key to the riddle. In Portuguese territory, in the neighbourhood of Tete, at a distance of not much more than a hundred miles from the nearest point of the existing railway from Chindio to Blantyre, immense deposits of excellent coal have been proved to exist. The Benga field alone, which is now being developed on a small scale, contains seams from 9 to 25 feet thick, so close to the surface that they can be worked without sinking shafts. The first colliery has been connected by a Decauville railway, 13 miles long, with the north bank of the Zambezi opposite Tete, and as much coal as the limited amount of river transport available permits will be sent downstream for use in the sugar and sisal factories along the lower Zambezi. Later on the engines of the Trans-Zambesia and Shiré Highlands railways, which now burn wood, will be converted to burn coal from the Benga field. So long as the river remains the only outlet, no very large volume of coal can be shipped, but given a direct railway connection with Beira there would be immense possibilities of expansion. At present there is no bunkering port in direct touch with a coalfield on the East African coast north of Lourenço Marques. Beira is much nearer to Aden, Bombay, Colombo and other Asiatic markets than Lourenço Marques or Durban, so that it is well placed to develop a large bunkering and export trade. The railway route from the coalfield to the port will be about 385 miles long, and the track will nowhere attain an altitude of more than 1,000 feet. This compares very favourably with summits of 5,000 feet and 6,000 feet on the Natal and Transvaal-Lourenço Marques railways.

It is calculated that within a few years of the completion of the Zambezi bridge and the coalfields branch an annual coal traffic of 750,000 tons could be reached. Careful estimates of the effect of connecting the Benga

coalfield by rail with Beira support the belief that a coal traffic of even 400,000 tons would suffice to transform the financial position of the existing railways and meet the interest charges on the Zambezi bridge and the railway to the coalfield. This railway, which will leave the Shiré Highlands line near Chiromo, will be 115 miles long. The Nyasaland Government's interest and sinking fund liability in connection with the Trans-Zambesia railway guarantee amounts at present to £86,000 annually, and it will be considerably more next year. The profit earned by the railway reduces the amount actually paid by the Nyasaland Government,* but without the coal traffic this liability will be lessened very slowly, whereas if the bridge and the coal railway were built there would be every prospect of the amount to be found by the Nyasaland Government being reduced to zero in about ten years. The Central Africa and Shiré Highlands railways would also be placed on a paying basis. The coal traffic would, in short, provide the requisite economic foundation for the entire trunk route from Beira to Lake Nyasa.

The immediate problem is how to finance the construction of the bridge and meet interest charges in the preliminary period of ten years or so during which the coal traffic is being developed. Provision of money for such an undertaking is not a commercial proposition. It is obviously an Imperial development project, and Government aid is essential if the bridge is to be built. Yet while a guarantee of the interest and sinking fund charges on the debentures covering the cost of the bridge would involve payment of the whole or part of the amount guaranteed for ten years or so, the fact that it would lead to the early extinction of the present liability in connection with the Trans-Zambesia railway offers a weighty inducement. Orders for steelwork to the value of about £250,000 would also come to this country. Apart from these considerations, the bridge, by enabling bulky exports to be railed direct from points north of the river to Beira, would at last give Nyasaland and North-Eastern Rhodesia the complete and efficient outlet which has hitherto been lack-

* The amount is advanced by the Imperial Government as a temporary loan to Nyasaland, as the annual budget of that protectorate still shows a small deficit.

ing and by its absence has exerted a serious retarding influence on their progress. A complete transformation of the position of these territories and of the railways, built by British capital, which form their main transport artery, would be effected by the bridging of the river. The fact that the bridge will be in Portuguese territory cannot be seriously regarded as an obstacle to a British or Nyasaland guarantee, since this was given in the case of the Trans-Zambesia railway, which is also entirely in Portuguese territory, and there is no possibility of providing Nyasaland with a satisfactory route to the sea without passing through Portuguese East Africa. A connection between the north end of Lake Nyasa and the Tanganyika Central railway would be useless to the settled southern portion of Nyasaland or to the highlands to the west of the lake.

Before the war there were plans in existence for extending the Shiré Highlands railway to the south end of Lake Nyasa, and the East African Loans Act of 1913 provided for the estimated cost of construction at the prices then prevailing. This extension will form the last link in the arterial route from Beira to the southernmost of the great lakes of Central Africa. The project has no present economic justification. It would, however, be of great ultimate value as a development line to open up the fertile highlands to the west of the lake and provide an outlet for the crops—maize, tobacco, and cotton—that can be grown there, besides tapping the lakeside territories served by the steamers and stimulating native cultivation. But it seems clear that the first step should be to place the existing transport system on a sound financial basis by bridging the Zambezi and tapping the Benga coalfield, since, if other liabilities were extinguished or within measurable distance of being wiped out, Nyasaland could afford to shoulder the initial burden of a new line which, however useful for development purposes, would not pay its way for some time to come.

As to the route to be followed by the line to the lake there has been much controversy. The official survey provides for a railway 125 miles long, leaving the Shiré Highlands railway at Luchenza, 33 miles east of Blantyre, traversing easy and low-lying country near Lake Shirwa and reaching Lake Nyasa at Pagonas, a few miles north

of Fort Johnston, on the south-eastern arm of the lake. Of this route the best that can be said is that it presents no engineering difficulties, and could therefore be cheaply built. This advantage might be decisive if it were not for the fact that the route would be of little value from the traffic point of view. The area that requires opening up lies to the west of the lake—on the east side the Portuguese frontier is reached at no great distance from Pagonas—and produce could not stand the cost of transhipment from wagon or lorry to lake steamer (for a comparatively short voyage) and from steamer to train. In fact, this method of handling would probably be more costly than that employed at present. Produce from Fort Jameson, the centre of white settlement in North-Eastern Rhodesia, is now carried by ox wagon to Dedza and thence by motor lorry to Blantyre, a total distance by road of 300 miles. If the railway to the lake were given a more westerly alignment, so that its first lakeside objective was Kachindamoto's, on the south-western arm of the lake, it would, as the railhead advanced, gradually shorten the road haul on North Charterland produce. It would also open for settlement some good farming country in the hills to the north-west of Blantyre. The "Western" route from Blantyre to Kachindamoto's is longer by fifteen miles than the "Eastern" from Luchenza to Pagonas, and the country for the first ten miles north of Blantyre is more difficult, but the traffic prospects would be vastly superior, and this should be the deciding factor. Captain Marsland has found a practicable route from Blantyre northwards with maximum gradients of 1 in 50 (1 in 60 could, indeed, be attained) for the first ten miles and 1 in 80 for the remainder of the route to the lake. There are obvious reasons in favour of keeping Blantyre—the commercial centre of the country—on the main line, and from the operating point of view it would be costly and inconvenient if the section from Luchenza to Blantyre became a branch of the trunk route from Beira to the lake, as it would if the "Eastern" route were adopted.

A difficulty that is common to both "Eastern" and "Western" routes is occasioned by the lack of suitable harbours at the southern end of Lake Nyasa. Kachindamoto's could be made to serve as a temporary port, but

there is little protection from the gales that occur from time to time, and the water is shallow for about a mile from the shore. Consequently the ultimate objective of the railway should be Domira Bay, about fifty miles north of Kachindamoto's, where deep water exists close inshore. Naturally this line to Domira Bay would cost a considerable sum and it would have to be built piecemeal. But there would be the advantage that every fresh section would shorten the road haul from Fort Jameson, and that when Domira Bay was reached there would remain only about 125 miles of road between the northern railhead and the centre of the North Charterland district. By that time it might be found advisable to put down a road-rail line from Domira Bay to Fort Jameson. The latter point would then be provided with a satisfactory outlet by rail to Beira, about 675 miles long, with only one transhipment. Assuming the existence of the Zambezi bridge, Fort Jameson could be reached from Beira in about forty-eight hours.

To summarise, it would seem that the rational solution of the problem should proceed on the following basis:—

1. The first and urgent essential is the Zambezi bridge, which would permit full exploitation of the Benga coalfield and provide an economic foundation for the entire transport system of this region.*

2. Adequate financial assistance from the Imperial and Nyasaland Governments is necessary to cover the interest and sinking fund charges during the initial period of ten years or so while the coal traffic is being developed.

3. The lake extension, though not immediately profitable, would have great value as a development line.

4. It should be built by sections, as funds permit, on the "Western" route from Blantyre, with Kachindamoto's

* The following resolution was passed unanimously by the Nyasaland Chamber of Agriculture and Commerce in May last: "That this Committee urges priority of consideration of the construction of the Zambezi bridge before any extension [of the railway] to the lake is made, and that Government be asked to communicate this decision to the Secretary of State for the Colonies by telegram for the information of the Commission [the Departmental Committee on Nyasaland Railway Extensions recently appointed by the Colonial Office] now sitting."

(140 miles from Blantyre) as the first lakeside objective and Domira Bay as its eventual goal.*

5. The first section of 70 miles, to the point where the survey crosses the Dedza road, would be of considerable immediate utility, as it would reduce the road haul from Fort Jameson by a similar mileage and open up a new farming area for settlement. A short road from the temporary railhead to the nearest point on the existing Liwonde-Fort Johnston motor road could be easily made and would serve to connect the railway with the lake until the extension to Kachindamoto's was completed.

Fortunately there is reason to believe that a much more well-informed appreciation of the position exists to-day than was the case a few months ago. The logic of the case for the Zambezi bridge is clear, but certain difficulties will have to be overcome in connection with the financial side of the problem, which is naturally a somewhat complicated matter. In regard to the lake extension also the danger that the route would be finally decided without full consideration of the facts appears to have been averted. With the goodwill and evident determination to solve the Nyasaland transport problem that now exist it may be hoped that the task will be successfully accomplished at an early date. If this hope proves justified the resulting stimulus to development of cotton and tobacco production in Nyasaland and North-Eastern Rhodesia will have an appreciable effect in alleviating the burden of our debt to America by reducing our purchases of these articles from Transatlantic sources, and so improving the dollar-sterling exchange, while the steelwork and other material required for the Zambezi bridge and railway extensions will provide needed employment in the British engineering industry.

* In the Northern Rhodesia Legislative Council recently the member representing the Fort Jameson area, Mr. H. L. Goodhart, M.L.C., asked whether the Government would negotiate with the Nyasaland Government and the Colonial Office with a view to having the proposed extension of the Nyasaland railway constructed on the west side of Lake Nyasa in order to serve the Fort Jameson district. The Chief Secretary replied that representations on this subject had been made to the Colonial Office by the late Administration of Northern Rhodesia, and added that the importance of the matter to the north-eastern portion of the country was appreciated.